THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1880.

THE REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

"How Men are Made," was the title of one of the most interesting lectures to which we were ever favoured to listen—one by an English celebrity. Our present subject is emphatically a *man*—physically, mentally, morally, and socially; and it may be useful to ask under what circumstances his manhood has been developed and consummated. At the age of forty-four, he is neither noticeably large nor small, juvenile nor elderly; but an average man for height, breadth, and weight; straight, trim-built, full-chested, oval yet full-faced, with a noticeably well-developed head, beyond the average size. Furthermore, looks healthy, being somewhat embrowned, and enduring.

As a man, he is modest without bashfulness; as a Christian, religious without cant; as a preacher, fervent and eloquent without rant; as a platform speaker, ready, pointed, and pertinent; and as a Connexional business man, capable and successful without being fussy and pretentious.

It becomes a question of interest, therefore, we repeat, to know what antecedents and influences contributed, under God, to this issue. We find he was the child of a worthy Scotch mother, whom he had, however, the misfortune to lose at the early age of six years; which loss, it may be, developed self-reliance while yet young. His pious father, a Wesleyan class-leader, most assiduously, and, as it proved, successfully, endeavoured to perform the two-fold parental duties which thus

devolved upon him. Father and son were natives of the County Down, Ireland, near Belfast. All the observable effects of his six years' residence in the north of Ireland was that of giving a crisp, firm accent to his distinctly uttered pure English diction. Mr. Briggs has a resonant voice and clear utterance. From childhood to the age of twenty-three, the great commercial seaport of Liverpool was his place of residence, a bare sojourn in which itself would be adapted to afford an education and a training of its own. But his was not merely the education of the street and market, and of social intercourse. His schools in boyhood and youth were of the very best kind. After a preparatory classical schooling, his education was principally commercial, as he was intended for business, in which his father was engaged before him, the practical details of which he had the chance of verifying for several years himself. He attended first the Mount Street Public School, and afterward the Collegiate Institute, of which the celebrated Dean Howson was the head master. To this he added all through life the companionship of the very best English authors (never having had any desire for the superficial and trashy), to which he gave his days and nights, "marking, learning, and inwardly digesting" their contents. This course has led to his being one of the most thoroughly versed in the British classics to be found among educated men. His habit of watchful listening and careful annotation of whatever was worth remembering, has furnished him with a vast store of ready apothegms and apposite illustrations to clench an argument, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." A man thus informed and habituated, who was, besides, always careful of specific preparation for each recurring public engagement, could not be otherwise than the commanding platform speaker and lecturer, as also the impressive, feeling, and enduring preacher.

The godly teaching and example of a circumspect father, joined to the Sunday-school instruction in the notable Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel in Liverpool, issued in an undeniable conversion in boyhood, and in his entrance on labours of usefulness in early youth, in connection with the Prayer, Leaders', Exhorters', and Local Preachers' Plans, successively, by which he was prepared and led to exercise his gifts as a preacher in

and around the city, comprising, before he left Liverpool, every pulpit in the place.

The Rev. Mr. Chettle, one of his last superintendents, took special interest in furthering his entrance into the full ministry of the word; and through the intervention of the Rev. Dr. Stinson, Mr. Chettle's brother-in-law, then President of the Canada Conference, he was introduced into the Canada Conference, with which he became first associated in 1859, twenty-one years ago. The Rev. Dr. Elliott became his fostering friend, uninterruptedly, from the time of his arrival in this country, as long as any measure of youth and inexperience rendered such patronage and guidance desirable.

That such attributes and characteristics as those ascribed to Mr. Briggs, without cheekiness and "management" on his own part, should have procured him good appointments and positions, is not to be wondered at. He has occupied such stations as Durham, P. Q.; Adelaide Street, Toronto; Hamilton, Montreal, London, Belleville, where he was Chairman of the District; and the Metropolitan Church of this city, which was his last pastoral charge.

His financial and clerical capabilities early preferred him to the positions of Financial Secretary of a District, Secretary of a Conference, and, lastly, his elevation to his present responsible position of Steward of the western and principal section of our Book Room. Personally, we were opposed, at the time, to giving up an unmistakably good preacher to an untried business position; but the results of last year showed that it was no dangerous experiment; and the published returns of the one now closing, in a very marked degree show that he is unmistakably the "right man in the right place." Such an audacious piece of ante-mortem dissection and analysis as we have perpetrated will require the forbearance of a gentleman who has sought no notoriety; but as "naught has been set down in malice," we hope to obtain his forgiveness.

INDIAN MISSIONS ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.*

TATOOED INDIAN WOMAN, NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

NEVER, we think, have the triumphs of mission work been more marked and marvellous than in the case of the Indian missions on the North Pacific coast. Previous articles of this MAGAZINE,† from the accomplished pen of Mr. J. E. McMillan, have given an account of the origin of that work, the main features of which we here briefly recapitulate:

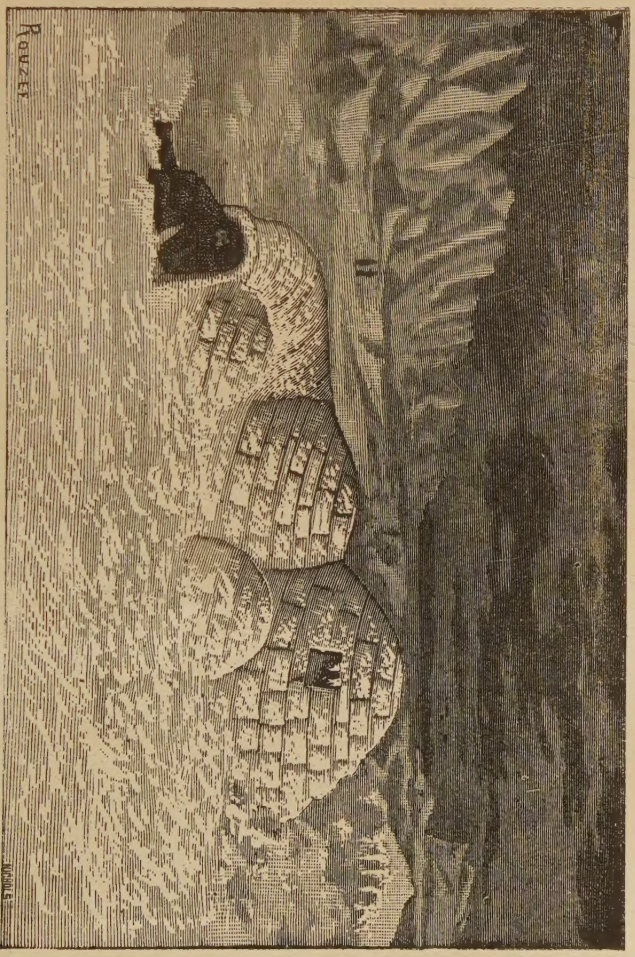
It was not till the year 1864 that the Canadian Methodist Church fairly entered upon the work of Indian evangelization in British Columbia. In that year the Rev. Thomas Crosby began his great life-work as a lay teacher at Nanaimo. With the facility begotten by enthusiasm, he rapidly acquired the native dialect, and was soon able to preach to the Indians in their own tongue. Here and among the pagan tribes on the banks of the majestic Frazer, he proclaimed the emancipating message of the cross, and many converts to the Christian faith,

* For much of the information on which this article is founded, we are indebted to the admirable volume on Alaska and Missions on the North Pacific Coast, by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., to whose courtesy we are also indebted for the use of the cuts by which it is illustrated.

† See numbers for April and May, 1878.

by their changed lives and holy conversation and happy deaths, attested the power of the message.

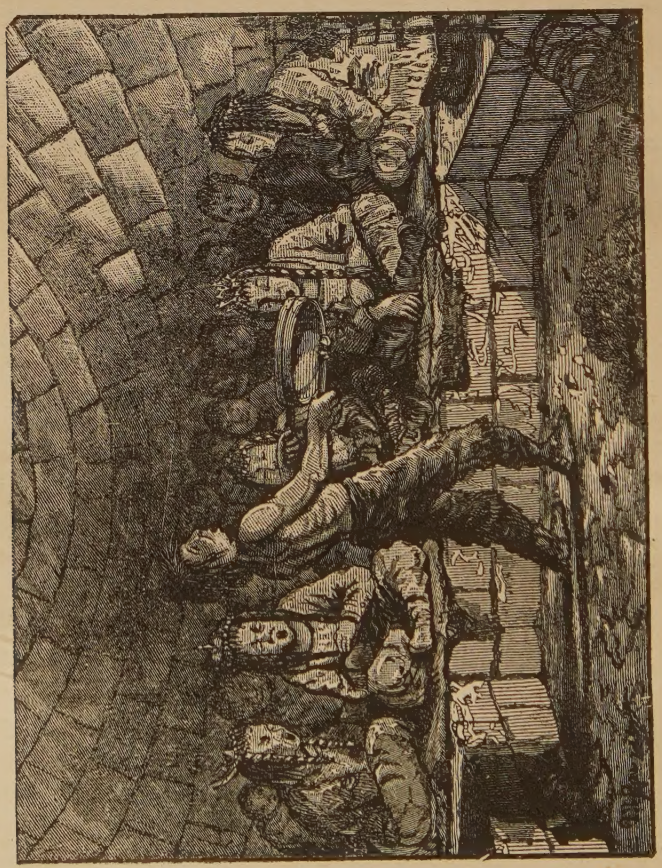
In the neighbourhood of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, at this time, were a number of Indians, the demoralized parasites of the



ESKIMO SNOW HUT, ALASKA.

white man's civilization, who had acquired, by contact, the white man's vices rather than his virtues. Their degraded condition awoke the pity of the Methodist community of the place, and in 1869 it was resolved, at a meeting held in the house of Mr. William McKay, to organize a Sunday-school for the religious instruction of these moral waifs and estrays of mankind. It

was with difficulty that their native apathy was overcome, and any degree of interest aroused. Their teachers were unable to speak the native language, or even the Chinook jargon, and the Indians had only a very imperfect acquaintance with English. Through this imperfect medium, however, a knowledge of the glorious gospel of Christ found its way, and soon Amos Sa-hat-



Interior of Snow Hut, with Drum Dance.

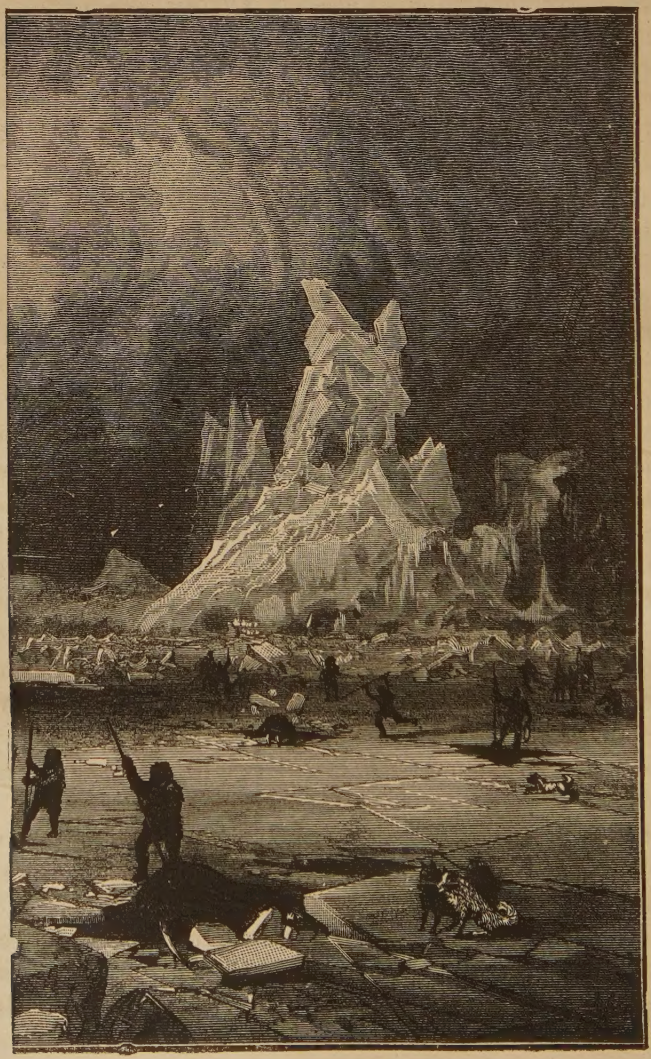
son, and two others of the same tribe, were rejoicing in the great salvation.

For two years the school was regularly held, although the attendance was never more than ten or twelve, and often only three or four. Now, however, a wonderful revival took place, whose far-reaching results only the great day shall declare. Upwards of forty natives were converted to God, among them

Elizabeth Deix, a hereditary Indian chieftess, of great energy of character. In her new-born zeal she prayed earnestly for the conversion of her son Alfred, a pagan Indian living at Fort Simpson, five hundred miles north of Victoria, and within fifteen miles of the Alaska frontier. At this very time—was it not in answer to that mother's earnest prayers?—her son and his wife arrived at Victoria, and were soon sharers of the like precious faith.

Alfred and his wife Kate spoke English well, and after ten months left Victoria with a few Bibles and Wesleyan Catechisms, as the pioneer missionaries to their pagan tribes-men at Fort Simpson. "The former desperado," writes Mr. McMillan, "who a few months before was the terror of the whole surrounding country, had all at once become a meek and quiet citizen and zealous working Christian." With his wife he established a day-school, which soon had 200 pupils, and organized prayer and experience meetings and religious classes. Before a single white missionary visited the Fort, every family had renounced paganism, five hundred persons were attending these religious services, and several were hopefully converted to God. In answer to their earnest prayers for a missionary, the Rev. Mr. Crosby and his devoted wife were sent to take charge of this promising station. The Indians promptly contributed towards the erection of a church, several hundred dollars in money and money's worth, and soon they had a commodious and elegant church, forty by fifty feet, with a spire 110 feet high, capable of seating 800 persons—indeed the most commodious Methodist church in the province. During its erection a storm blew off the roof and threatened its destruction. The walls were firmly lashed with ropes, and the people repaired to the school-house. There the following scene, as described by Dr. Jackson, took place: "A chief arose and called out that it was not a time for long speeches, but for action. Instantly twenty or thirty men left the house; others followed them, but soon they returned with rolls of blankets—the currency of that region—on their shoulders and laid them in front of the teacher's desk, as their offering to the Lord. Blankets, coats, shirts, shawls, guns, finger and ear-rings, bracelets, furs, and almost everything that could be turned into money, were laid upon the table, to the value of $400—a striking commentary on the constraining love of Christ in their hearts."

As at Fort Simpson, so also in the vast territory of Alaska, converted Indians were the pioneers of evangelical Protestant Christianity. The Russians, indeed, had for many years priests



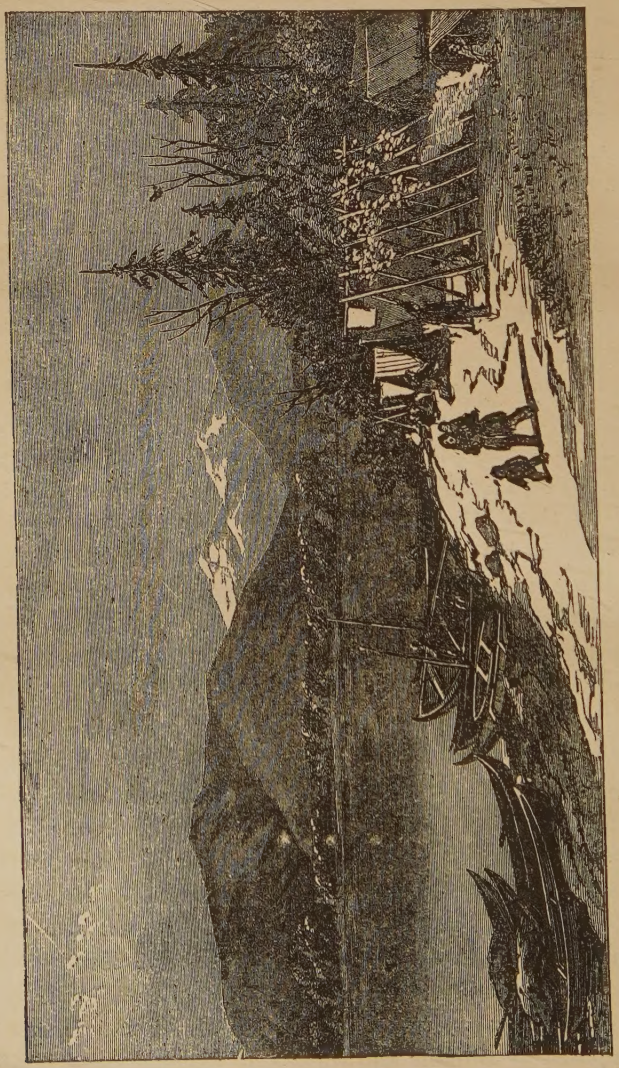
HUNTING WALRUS.

of the Greek Church in that country; but on its cession to the United States they were withdrawn. The influx of American miners—a reckless and wicked lot of men—and the establish-

ment of a military post at Fort Wrangel, far from the restraints of civilization, had introduced all the vices of the white race, and greatly demoralized and degraded the Indian population. The place was almost wholly given up to drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery. In 1876 a number of Christian Indians from Fort Simpson arrived at Fort Wrangel under contract to cut wood for the American Government. Among them was an Indian named Clah, or Philip McKay, a man of superior intelligence and piety. These faithful Indians, amid the abounding wickedness on every side, resolved to make an effort for the conversion of their countrymen. They obtained the use of an old dance-house—the scene of the foulest pagan orgies—as a place of worship, and induced a few of the natives to attend. Though mocked and jeered and opposed by wicked white men, they persevered till the place became too small for the crowds of those benighted pagans who thronged to the meetings, some forty of whom were converted to Christianity by this strange agency, among them the head chief of the place. For weeks and months, writes Mr. McMillan, the voice of praise and prayer was daily heard at Fort Wrangel, the services being conducted wholly by these Christian Indians. The commandant of the fort gave them his protection, and secured a room for their services. To put an end to the hideous Indian custom of dancing around a dead body and consuming it to ashes, the Christian Indians procured a plot of ground for a cemetery, and interred the dead with Christian rites.

In the fall of the year Mr. Crosby visited the Fort and took steps to organize a church. Subscriptions in money and blankets were received in amounts varying from ten dollars to twenty-five cents, and many promised work. Mr. Crosby agreed to look after the mission thus providentially begun, till an American missionary could be appointed to its control. He directed Clah to remain and open a school. So anxious were the natives to learn, that the school was attended by sixty or seventy adults. Three times on Sunday Clah preached to audiences of from 200 to 400 of his own people. The wicked whites and Indian sorcerers opposed by ridicule and threats of violence these services; but they grew in influence and power. Prayerless white men were reminded of their early religious training, and many of the Indians were converted from paganism, devil-dances, and witch-

craft, to the service of God. An American soldier wrote to General Howard, of the U. S. army, urging the appointment of a missionary. The appeal was sent to the Presbyterian General Assembly, and Dr. Jackson was authorized by the Board



Fishing Village, North Pacific Coast.

of Missions to make a missionary tour to the Pacific coast. In Oregon he found an old missionary friend, Mrs. A. R. McFarland, a lady born in Virginia, educated in Ohio, and the now

widowed wife of the first Presbyterian missionary in New Mexico. She was induced to go to Alaska to take charge of the young mission. When she arrived with Dr. Jackson at Fort Wrangel, on passing down the street, they saw an Indian ringing a hand-bell. It was Clah calling scholars to his school, which was held in a disused dance-hall. Mrs. McFarland was the only Christian white woman in a territory as large as France. For seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in Alaska, and for a year the only one at Fort Wrangel. All the perplexities of the people, religious, physical, social, and moral, were brought to her for solution. If any were sick, they came to her as a physician; if any were dead, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated, she was the peacemaker to bring them together. If difficulties arose as to property, she was judge, lawyer, and jury. If feuds arose among tribes or families, she was arbitress. When the Indians called a convention, she was elected "chairman." She was called upon to interfere in cases of witchcraft; and when a white man was hanged for murder, she became his spiritual adviser. Her fame went far and wide among the tribes. Great chiefs came long distances to enter the school of "the woman that loved their people." She had charge of both school and church, in both of which she was greatly aided by Clah and another Fort Simpson Indian. Alas! before the year was out, Clah died of consumption at the early age of thirty years. His privations, probably, shortened his life. His salary was only ten dollars a month, on which to keep himself and wife and child, and pay rent; and he lived month after month almost entirely on fish. As he lay upon his death-bed, his great anxiety was lest his wife and child should suffer for want of food. Mrs. McFarland assured him that they would be cared for. As he was dying, he said, "As earth fades away, heaven grows brighter;" and turning to his weeping wife, he said, "Annie, you must not cry; Jesus knows what is best." He was buried by Christian Indians at Fort Simpson. Dr. Jackson gives his portrait—a fine, intelligent face—and that of Mrs. McFarland—a countenance of noble and commanding expression.

The Presbyterian Church has grandly sustained this mission, contributing in two years $12,000. They have now a church, school, hospital, and industrial home—the latter an imperious

necessity to rescue girls who would otherwise fall victims to the vice of wicked white men. For the same purpose Mrs. Crosby has opened a Home for Indian girls at Fort Simpson, which has

Indian House, Cedar Plank, North Pacific Coast.

been supported hitherto by the contributions of a few friends. Its maintenance is fitting work for the Women's Missionary Society, now being organized in Canada. The need for such a home may be inferred from the following pathetic appeal for that

at Fort Wrangel: "O you mothers of dear young girls—every one whose home is made fairer by a daughter's face—give something to save these other girls from shame and anguish—something to help us teach those other mothers how great a boon a maiden may be at their own fireside." The results of our Methodist mission at Fort Simpson have been most salutary and most marked. The converted Indians have exhibited a high Christian character. They carry their religion with them wherever they go. They travel thousands of miles, but neither wind, tide, hunger, nor the urgency of their white employers can induce them to travel on the Lord's day. They yearn to tell their countrymen the story of the cross. They sorrow over the ravages made by the white man's vices, the white man's diseases, and the white man's fire-water. "We see no difference," said one, "between killing men with whiskey and killing them with a gun." Our own heroic Crosby has imperilled his own life by his determined opposition to the liquor traffic, leading sometimes to the forcible destruction of the casks of liquor in a drunken Indian camp.

The day-school at Fort Simpson numbers about 120, and a large Sunday-school, in three sections, is taught by Mr. and Mrs. Crosby and Miss Knott. In two years sixty new houses have been built by the Indians, and the whole tribe are being raised to a higher plane of civilization. The Church has a membership of 258. Mr. Crosby has established an annual industrial fair, at which prizes are given for the best carving in wood and silver, the best gardens and vegetables, the best sashes and doors, best cured salmon, etc.

As at Fort Simpson and Fort Wrangel, so at Naas River, it was converted Indians who became the pioneer missionaries to their pagan countrymen. The mission authorities of our Church were unable, when an appeal was made them for this station, to incur any further expense. But at a prayer-meeting held in the house of Mr. McKay, in the same room in which the first meeting was held in 1869 to promote the spiritual welfare of the Indians of Victoria, spontaneous contributions of $236 were given, and the Rev. A. E. Greene was sent as a missionary to Naas River. He and Mr. Crosby held a five days' meeting, and a glorious revival began. Soon a congregation of 500 attended the services and 100 met in class. The work spread throughout the surround-

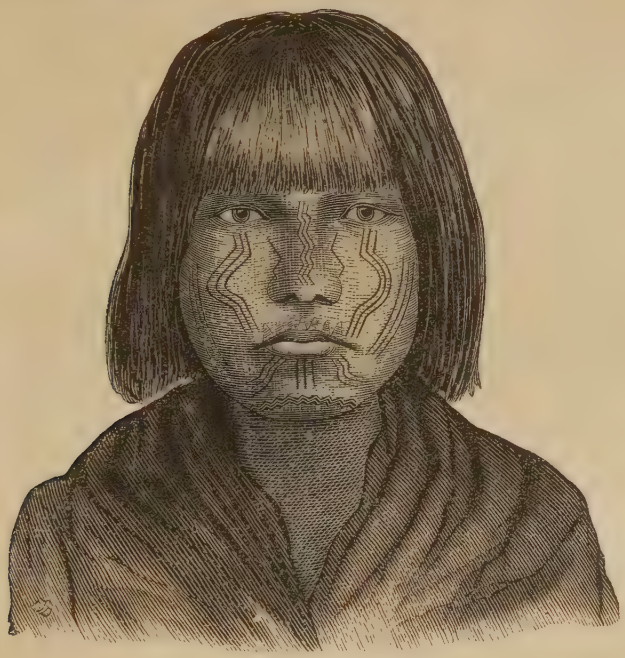
ing country, and from the forks of the Skeena to Kit-a-mat and Bella-Bella and Queen Charlotte's Island—all the result, together with the flourishing missions in Alaska, (may we not say ?) of

Totem Poles, Fort Wrangel.

that memorable prayer-meeting held in the house of a God-fearing Methodist at Victoria, eleven years ago.

Any one interested in the cause of missions—and what Chris-

tian is not?—will find this wonderful story recorded, with many details which we have to omit, in Dr. Jackson's admirable book on "Alaska and the Missions of the North Pacific Coast"—a story of more absorbing fascination than a romance. The book gives also an interesting account of the extent and resources of that country, of its villages and native tribes, their manners and customs, of their revolting pagan usages, and of the wonderful change being wrought by Christian missions.

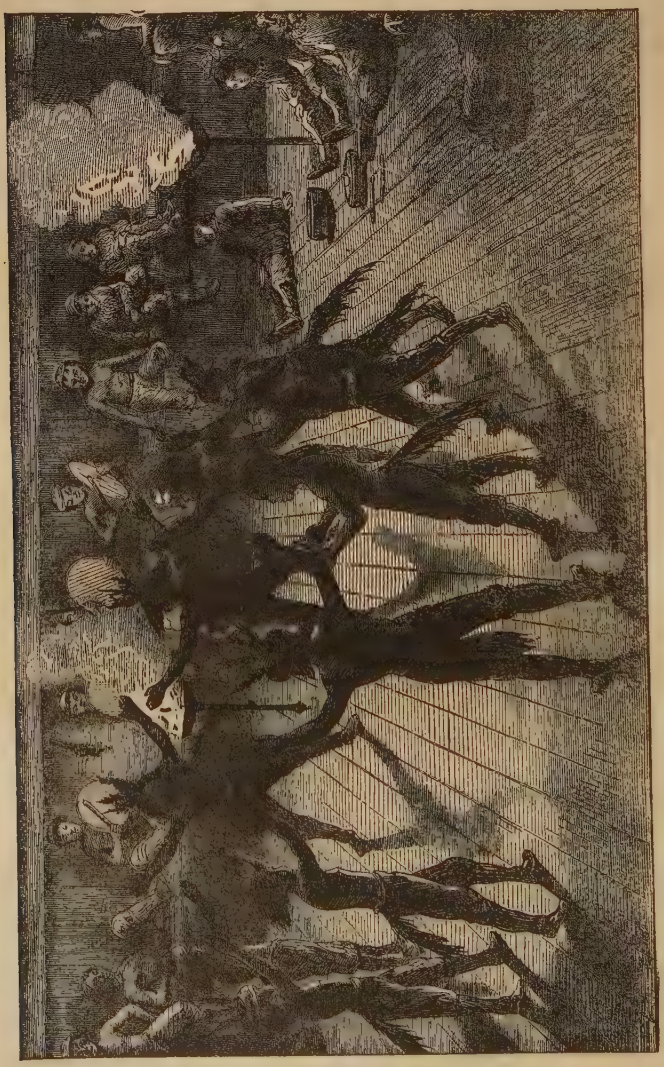


Tatooed Indian, North Pacific Coast.

To the cuts taken from that volume we now make a brief reference. In the northern part of Alaska, which reaches far within the Arctic circle, the inhabitants dwell in dome-shaped snow-huts, built of large blocks of congealed snow, as shown in cut on page 101. The entrance is through a long winding passage, screened by a curtain of sealskin, and passing through a low vestibule. The interior of these huts is more commodious than would be expected, giving shelter to a large number of persons. A raised dais of snow, covered with furs, runs round the wall, and a fire of seal or walrus oil, blazing in a stone vessel,

furnishes light and heat for cooking and comfort. See cut on page 102, which represents a noisy native drum dance.

The walrus is hunted on the immense ice floes. The huge creature comes to the air-holes in the ice to breathe, and is har-



HEATHEN DANCE.

pooned by the natives, who exhibit great skill and daring in this dangerous pursuit.

Further south the Indians obtain their living almost exclu-

sively by fishing, agriculture being almost unknown. There is probably no finer fishing-ground in the world than that of British Columbia and Southern Alaska. Salmon of the finest quality may be literally pitchforked out of the streams in cart loads, and are now being largely exported in cans. But one will grow weary of even the best salmon, with nothing else, and the great want of the country is an agricultural population. Many of the fishing villages are of a very rude and flimsy construction; but some of the houses are well built of cedar plank, as shown in the cut on page 108.

Opposite the chief's house will be seen huge totem poles, carved with grotesque human or bird-headed figures. The greater the chief the taller the pole, which sometimes reaches an altitude of over 100 feet.

The pagan Indians are often of a very degraded and forbidding appearance, which they make still more repulsive by the habit of tattooing the face in the manner shown in the initial cut, and in that on page 111. Their heathen ceremonies are often loathsome and semi-cannibal rites, or hideous orgies, where drunkenness and every form of vice runs to all manner of excess and riot. Yet out of human beings dragged down by sin to such degradation, Divine grace has brought such noble natures as Amos Sa-hat-ston, the ex-conjurer, and Clah, the faithful missionary. And under the influence of the Gospel, the heathen dance and wild orgies of vice have given place to the devout worship of God by a Christian congregation. Is not this moral transformation more than a tenfold compensation for all the toil and money expended on the Indian missions of our Church? and an incentive and summons to greater zeal in a cause which God has so abundantly honoured and blessed?

THE DEAD.

In your patience ye are strong;
Cold and heat ye take not wrong;
When the trumpet of the angel
Blows Eternity's evangel,
Time will seem to you not long.

—*E. B. Browning.*

JAPANESE TEMPLE.

JAPAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

II.

ITS GREAT CITIES—KIYOTO.*

JAPANESE BELL.

THE city is always the master position in the battle-fields of trade, diplomacy, and moral force; the great stream of human interests, feelings, passions, flows there with deepest, strongest, fiercest current. The present is the age of great cities, which are becoming more and more the commercial centres and the mighty workshops of the world, that, like so many loadstones, draw human beings to themselves, as the magnet attracts the grains of iron dust.

The great cities of Japan were not founded and fostered by the influence of manufactures and trade—the babel-builders of our time—but by a military feudalism that held the keys of the country, for purposes of government and defence—a powerful oligarchy, that cared little for the progress of the people so long as its own position of lordship and luxury remained secure. Now that Japan has entered the comity of nations, important and rapid changes are in progress, which in one or two generations will quite transform the face of the country. Old Japan is dissolving and disappearing before our eyes with a rapidity that threatens soon to "leave not a wrack behind." New Japan is rising and progressing in a manner that bids fair speedily to assimilate her life in all its phases to that of the western world. Having seen this most conservative of eastern nations in the

* Stray Notes on Kiyoto and its Environs, by E. M. Satow. Tokio, 1878. Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, 1878—Paper by W. G. Dixon. The Japan *Weekly Mail*, 1873-1878. The Mikado's Empire, by W. E. Griffis. Harpers, 1876.

process of swift transition, I shall endeavour to catch and hold for the interest of my readers the vanishing vision of the old, as well as to present the growing vision of the new, which I was permitted to witness during a residence of nearly six years.

In the summer of 1878 I travelled from Tokio, over the Nakasendo—*inland mountain road*—a distance of 340 miles, for the purpose of seeing the country and visiting the famous city of Kiyoto—the Benares of Japan—which for nearly eleven hundred years was the capital of the empire, and the residence of seventy successive Mikados. Geographically, Kiyoto is the centre of the empire. It is situated in the province of Yamashiro, nearly in the middle of the narrowest neck of land between the sea of Japan and the Pacific Ocean. The natural mountain roads slope down, and open towards it from the west and east. Forty miles to the south is the Bay of Osaka, the haven of all ships from the northern and southern ports of the eastern coast. By railway, river communication, and carriage road, it is connected with the great commercial city of Osaka.

In order to get a general idea of the city, and the situation of the points of interest to be visited, it is necessary to ascend a hill on the eastern side of the city. This hill, which is crowned with a clump of trees, trained in the form of a ship under sail, is a prominent landmark. The ascent, by a tolerably fair serpentine road, was quite easy, and from the summit I had a fine view of the whole city and its suburbs. The streets cross each other at right angles, somewhat in the direction of the cardinal points, which gives a symmetry and regularity not elsewhere to be found in the cities of Japan. But the regularity is never formal or oppressive, as the union of practical convenience and picturesque effect is successfully achieved.

About half-way down the slope lie the temple and grounds of Chionin, founded in the twelfth century by the Jodo sect of Buddhists. The monastery is an imposing structure, standing in the centre of a large square. Long avenues lead up to the main building from three gates—one on the southern and two on the western borders of the square—and along these are built the houses of the priests, each cultivating his own little garden in front of his dwelling. In the rear of the great temple are suites of splendid rooms, built for the accommodation of the priests and people of rank who come from a distance to worship

at this far-famed shrine. The guide who conducted me through the spacious apartments and wide corridors, called my attention to the massive planks of highly-polished timber with which the porches and halls were floored. Underneath some of these, springs were placed, which caused them to yield to the tread, and by some sort of singular device tinkling musical sounds were emitted as the planks rose from the pressure of the foot. This is a conceit which I have not noticed in any other building in Japan. Sometimes worshippers, especially those of the labouring class, who have but little time, do not enter the temple, but stand before it, bow the head, and repeat the prayer formulas, as represented in our frontispiece. On special days of worship, however, this is not considered proper, and all enter and prostrate themselves before the idols.

Hard by in a corner of the enclosure hangs the great bell of Chionin, which is fourteen feet in height, nine feet in diameter, and the metal is nine inches thick. The campanile is a heavy wooden structure, so low that I could touch the bell with my umbrella. Like all Japanese temple bells, it has no iron clapper, but is struck on the outside by a heavy beam of wood, swung against it like a battering ram, as shown in our initial cut. This bell is famed above all others for its pure liquid tones, which, on a calm day, may be heard all over the city, and many miles beyond. Maruyama—*round mountain*—forms the background of the Chionin, and is a much-frequented resort of the inhabitants of Kiyoto. Being of considerable height and centrally situated, it commands a view of great variety and beauty. The long, even streets, with square blocks of buildings, interspersed with groves of evergreen trees, from which rise many-storied pagodas, and the graceful curves of temple roofs, together with the bright waters of the Kamogawa and its affluents, furnishes a picture, pleasant and refreshing to the eye, and unrivalled elsewhere even in Japan. On the terraced slopes of this hill are numerous tea-houses and hotels, surrounded by gardens in which flowers and choice shrubbery are constantly bursting into bloom, and filling the air with the fragrance of sweet odours.

We next approach the venerable Kiyomidzu—*clear water*—so called from a beautiful spring, forming a cascade close by, celebrated for its clearness. A good view of part of the temple and of the city beyond is given in the engraving that accompa-

nies our first article. This temple was erected in 798. It is built on the slope of a hill, and supported on one side by trestle-work fifty feet high, constructed of huge timbers, above which there is a wide platform that overlooks a deep valley. The people have a curious superstition that any who can leap down from this platform without being killed will have whatever wish he may please to indulge, gratified. In former times many persons made the leap—some were killed, others more or less injured, and a few got off with only a good shaking. The last case—which occurred about seven years ago—was that of a young wife, whose husband had taken up with another woman. The injured lady threw herself from the platform, followed by her faithful maid-servant; strange to say, neither were seriously hurt, and the faithless husband, struck by the devotion of his wife, mended his ways and commenced to lead a better life. To put a stop to further experiments of this kind, the city government caused a high barricade to be erected around the platform.

The next place worthy of notice is Daibutsu—*Great Buddha.* A huge human figure, constructed of wood, was erected in 1587, and measured 160 feet from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. The building in which it stood was 200 feet high, 162 feet wide, and 270 feet long. This image was broken by an earthquake which happened a few years after its erection, and the Shogun Hideyoshi, filled with anger, shot an arrow into it, because he had built it to protect the city, and it was not able to protect itself. It was afterwards replaced by an image of bronze sixty-three feet in height; but in 1648, the Imperial treasury being empty, the acting Shogun took it down and coined it into cash, some of which may still be seen in circulation. Two years afterwards another wooden statue was erected, which was destroyed by lightning over eighty years ago. The present image has been standing thirty-eight years, and is of very inferior material and workmanship. The time for building great images of Buddha in Japan has passed away. The great bell connected with the temple of Daibutsu is somewhat larger and heavier than that of Chionin. It now rests on blocks of stone in the open court. The following are a few extracts from the long inscription on the bell, cut deep in Chinese characters into the metal: "The temple is built—its steep roof is high up in the blue sky, and its crystalline base reaches to the bottom of the

earth. Its thousand pillars and posts stand high with beams and rafters placed upon them, and some parts are adorned splendidly, and some parts are carved beautifully. . . . The beautiful gate stands loftily at the front, with corridor surrounding the grounds. . . . This is indeed the most splendid temple in the world, and everybody, even Deity itself, bows down, struck with its magnificence. Besides all this, the great bell was made for the purpose of indicating the morning and evening hours. It can be heard up to heaven and down to hell, and there is no place where its sound-like thunder cannot be heard. It opens the ears of mankind, and of the evil ones, and makes them aware of their wickedness." But the great bell was destined never to ring.

In close proximity to Daibutsu is the San-jiu-san-gen-do—*thirty-three fold temple*—built in honour of the thousand-handed Kuanon—*goddess of mercy.* It contains one thousand gilt idols, each in the form of a full-grown human figure—around each of these is grouped a company of smaller idols, also gilt, the whole collection being supposed to number 33,333. The largest idol is a sitting statue of Kuanon, which measures eight feet from the knees to the head. The other idols are arranged in tiers on each side of this larger one, and represent gods and goddesses, each with its own particular legend, the whole wrought into a complete narrative, abounding in touching incident, and all to the glory of the goddess of mercy.

Continuing westward, we come to the temples of the Honganji—*Temples of the sole desire*—so called because Buddha said, "My sole desire is that all may be saved through me." Hence the followers of the Honganji maintain that men are saved by the sole act of calling on Buddha. These temples belong to a sect of reformed Buddhists. They are enterprising and progressive, and are said to be possessed of immense wealth. Their temples are distributed over the empire, and are always built in pairs, a short distance apart, in the heart of the great cities, and designated the Higashi—*eastern*—and Nishi—*western*—Honganji. The priests of this sect are permitted to marry, and their diet is not prescribed by rule. In this they are the Protestants of Buddhism, as all other sects enjoin on their priesthood celibacy, an exclusively vegetable diet, and abstinence from wine. They avoid the usual course of choosing retired spots in the hills as sites for

their temples, and always build in the centres of population, and endeavour to attract the people. Since the opening of the country to foreign intercourse, they have given great attention to western learning and science. I visited a college they were building in Kiyoto for the education of their priests, in which they were providing accommodation for hundreds of students, and making complete provision for instruction in languages, literature, science, and religions, especially those of modern Europe, with the express design of being able to resist the incoming power of Christianity. They even contemplate sending missionaries to Europe and America. They recently built a large temple at Shanghai, and sent over a company of priests to begin the work of converting the Buddhists of China to the Monto sect. When I left Japan, a little over a year ago, they had just erected the pillars and roof-timbers of a magnificent new temple —on the site of one that had been burned down in the city of Tokio—which is costing them over $100,000.

In the beautiful altar of the "Temple of the Sole Desire" there is an elegant casket, containing a finely executed statuette of the famous priest, Shinran Shonin, founder of the Monto sect. Having a desire to see this figure, which is said to have been carved by the great man with his own hands, I was told by the priest in attendance that for a small fee my wish might be gratified, for in Japan, as elsewhere, there are doors that "open but to golden keys." Going aside, as directed, to a little office, I paid the sum of six-and-a-quarter cents, and obtained a receipt, quite an imposing document, printed in colours, in learned-looking Chinese idiographs. With this I came again to the altar, and the priest, who had meantime attired himself in scarlet robes for the occasion, came forward with the key in his hand, made several low bows before the casket, mumbled over a number of prayers, as if propitiating the shade of the Shonin for this intrusion, and then slowly opening the door revealed a small black figure—an exquisite carving. The inside of the casket was gilt, and glittered like fine gold. Companies of pilgrims from afar, loitering about the ample porches, and here and there in groups upon the mats in the great hall, soon perceived what was going on, and gathered in crowds around the railing that fenced in the altar. Having paid for my privilege, I was permitted to go inside and have a nearer view. The moment the little shrine was opened,

the whole multitude broke forth in a loud and simultaneous utterance of the prayer, *namu amida butsu*, and continued the repetition of these words with a rapidity, growing faster and more furious until the little door was closed, when they instantly ceased and retired—no doubt well satisfied with the merit acquired by this fortunate occurrence. How often one is reminded here of the "vain repetitions of the heathen."

These temples are built of the finest timber, and the most skilful workmen were employed in their construction. The shrines and pillars are covered with heavy gilding, seemingly regardless of cost, and have the appearance of massive gold. The carvings and paintings on the walls and ceilings are masterpieces, and must be seen to be appreciated. Taking these temples and their surroundings together, they are worthy of being classed with the chief objects of interest in this ancient capital, if not in the whole of Japan.

On the western limit of the city stands the Omero Gosho—*honourable residence*—a sort of suburban palace, where several members of the Imperial family, and at one time the present Emperor, dwelt. The main building was erected seven hundred years ago, and continued to be occupied until the court removed to Tokio. The interior is now in a dilapidated state, but was at one time very handsome and costly; a great deal of time and money must have been spent upon the decoration of the several suites of rooms. The frescoing is done on paper, in a style of art that, so far as I can learn, is peculiar to Japan. The colouring is rich in gold and delicate tints, but not gaudy; the expression is full of life and true to nature. The variety consists in the use of different classes of objects in the decoration of each separate apartment, and the apartments are named accordingly, as the room of the stag, the stork, the horse, the dove, and so on. Intermingled with the animals and birds are flowers, trees, and blossoming shrubs, exquisite in combination, variety, and taste. It is, however, a singular circumstance, that the royal bedchamber and throne-room are entirely void of decoration. The former, from its position—being completely surrounded by other rooms—is without light, except what may be borrowed through open doors, and has the appearance of a solitary dungeon; the latter is a long plain room, with a dais at one end, raised about three feet above the matted floor. During the first Exhibition, a

few years ago, this palace was thrown open to the native public, and thousands availed themselves of the privilege to enter where, previously, they had scarcely dared to gaze beyond the outer gates.

The Emperor was considered a god, and his dwelling a temple, therefore the imperial residence within the precincts of the city was called the Omiya Gosho—*Temple Palace.* It is by no means so imposing in appearance as some of the temples in its neighbourhood, or the military stronghold of the Shoguns of the sixteenth century—the castle of Nijo—that lifts its majestic towers on the other side of the city. Within the walls are clustered numerous houses of various dimensions, in some of which the sovereigns were accustomed to execute the highest offices of the state, while in others they resided with their families and closest attendants. These houses are mostly of simple form, and their exterior is so plain as to present no appearance of intentional decoration. Some of them, however, are adorned within in the highest style of Japanese art—with elaborate and costly paintings, carvings, and tapestries, all specially wrought for the Emperor's use, and of a character not permitted to be elsewhere reproduced.

The prosperity of Kiyoto was seriously injured by the abrupt removal of the Court to Tokio in 1868. It had been the imperial dwelling-place for over a thousand years. It was the scene, at regular intervals, of important political gatherings. Numerous officials of high rank, with large retinues, were permanently quartered there. It had been the resort of pilgrims, pleasure-seekers, artists, and literary coteries for a score of generations. Its "floating population" was, therefore, exceptionally large, and of this it was in great part forever deprived by the migration of the court. Now, although it was never likely again to become the seat of government, there were sufficient reasons why this grand old capital should not be suffered to fall into decay. Among other devices for its relief was that of an Industrial Exhibition, which was first tried in the spring of 1872. The result was so happy that its repetition annually was forthwith decreed. Never before had the city been so thronged with excursionists of every degree. Foreigners were admitted for the first time, and did not abuse their privilege, and the financial condition of the old city was once more rosy and blooming.

The first three Expositions were held in the grounds and buildings of various temples. That of 1875 was held in the former palace of the Mikado—precincts that had hitherto, since the first occupation in 794, been accessible only to the imperial "descendants of the gods" and their loftiest followers. No more stirring proof of the complete overthrow of conventional forms and effete superstition in Japan could be given than the surrender of this spot, so long the haunt of sacred mysteries, to the prosaic purposes of utilitarian progress. Whatever readers at a distance may not know about Japan, they are probably at least aware that the reverence attached to the person and residence of the Mikado was of a nature that exceeded infinitely every other sense of humility and devotion. In the eyes of the multitude he was literally a god, and in the eyes of the enlightened he was the impersonation of a majesty that transcended far the glory of anything that could be considered human. All the forms of divinity that hedged about this sovereign were consecrated alike by the cherished traditions of the people, and by the loyalty of the ruling classes, into a system that had lasted unbroken for at least twenty-five hundred years. His name might not be uttered by any mortal. His face could not be seen except by such as nearly approached him in rank. When he moved about from place to place in his closed and guarded car of state, the highways were deserted, the houses closed, and the region over which he passed was hushed in a silence like that of death. Of course when the court removed to Tokio, the glamour that had been over the eyes of the nation began to fade away; but when the palace doors of Kiyoto were unlocked, the halls and gardens thrown open, and the shrine of immemorial spiritual supremacy was converted into a bustling repository of industry and trade, it might be said that the extremes of old and new Japan meet, and the last shadow of the superstition of ages—"the divine descent of the Mikado"—disappeared forever.

The industries of Kiyoto are chiefly porcelain, lacquer, fans, silks, and bronze. It is well known that Japan excels in beautiful creations of the ceramic art, and nowhere is it carried to so great perfection as in Kiyoto. An article called Eraku, from the name of the inventor, is produced in large quantities for export. It consists of porcelain painted over with red oxide of iron, as

a ground, on which all kinds of mythological ornaments are applied in gold.

Silk has been cultivated in Japan since the beginning of the third century, and now forms nearly half of the export trade of the country. Kiyoto has always been the principal seat of this industry. The weaving establishments are all located in one quarter of the city. The houses are poor and small, seldom containing more than twenty looms each, giving no outward indication of the importance of the work carried on within. But the gold brocades, heavy silks, damasks, velvets, figured clothes, and lighter fabrics, in rich dyes, or uncoloured, are wonderful as to quality and value; and the skill displayed in the manufacture has often excited the admiration of foreign experts. My visit to this quarter, and the courtesy with which the people permitted me to enter their houses and see them at their work, is one of the pleasant memories of a brief sojourn in Kiyoto.

The society of Kiyoto is the gayest in all the land, and is noted for refinement of manners and taste in dress. During the hot summer evenings the people flock to the principal streets, the river, and the bridges, to get the pure air and see the sights —all intent upon pleasure. There fashion and beauty flaunt at will. Nothing can exceed the good nature, the mutual kindly feeling, and the decent, orderly behaviour of a Japanese crowd. The proprietors of the tea-houses that line the western bank of the Kamo place matted platforms on the bed of the river to accommodate their numerous guests; and then, while the light of thousands of coloured lanterns and flaring torches flashes on the crystal waters of the wide and shallow stream that brawls and babbles over its pebbly bed, hundreds of well-dressed people are flitting to and fro in gossipy picnic parties, entertained with music, pantomime, riding on horseback on islands in the river, and other forms of amusement. The whole scene, when viewed from one of the high bridges, is a picture of life in some social phases of its bright, unbending and innocent mirth, not to be seen elsewhere or outside of Japan. During the heat of the long afternoons, numbers of people come daily to similar platforms placed beneath the wide bridges, just a few inches above the clear water, and spend the time in reading, conversation, sundry games, tea-drinking, and not unfrequently draughts of something stronger than tea. The hotel where I lodged was

situated on the bank of the river near one of these bridges, so that I had ample opportunity of observing this *hashi no shita no suzumi*—"taking the cool under the bridge." The following statistics may be of interest: The population of the city and its suburbs, by the census of 1872, was 567,334. There are in the city 2,500 Shintô temples, with nearly 3,000 *Kannushi*—keepers of the shrines. Also, about 3,500 Buddhist temples, and over 8,000 priests of various orders. The sad minor tones of the vesper bells are heard in every direction at sunset, and the matins from many temples scattered over the whole district, ring out the last hours of the night. There are about 500 dancing and singing-girls in Kiyoto, who pay a monthly tax of one yen—about a dollar. Tea-houses pay a tax of three yen per month. There were, two years ago, 3,900 jinrikishas—*man-power carriages*—the cab of Japan, which has almost entirely superseded every other mode of conveyance. They pay an annual tax of one to two yen, according to size. The regular fare per day for a jinrikisha, drawn by one man, is fifty cents.

And now farewell to these sunny hills and shadowy glades, and to this venerable city—the pearl of Japan—which for so many centuries lay concealed from the world. A higher destiny and a purer fame awaits her than any which the romance of mythology and history has woven around her in the past. The Lord Jesus Christ has much people in Kiyoto—his ministers and witnesses are there opening the blind eyes, turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Already, from college halls erected within the shadow of her palaces, are going forth bands of her own sons, trained and valiant for the truth, "holding forth the Word of Life," and the people are "turning from dumb idols to serve the living God."

THE Lamp that burns with perfumed oil,
Sheds sweetest light around it;
And Faith is brightest while the toil
And cares of life surround it.
For deep within the Soul the Light
Of heavenly Faith is burning;
And songs are sweetest when the night
Of grief to joy is turning.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY VIII.—CLERGY RESERVE CONTROVERSY CONTINUED: VOICE OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF UPPER CANADA IN FAVOUR OF EQUAL CIVIL RIGHTS AND LIBERTY AMONG ALL CLASSES, AND IN VINDICATION OF THE EARLY METHODIST MINISTRY.

WHEN the writer of these Essays was appointed as representative of the Canadian Conferences to the British Conference to negotiate the first union between the two Conferences in 1833, he carried a Petition to the King, signed by upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, against the Clergy Reserve monopoly and the establishment of a dominant Church in Upper Canada. This Petition was presented through Lord Stanley, afterwards the Earl of Derby, then Colonial Secretary, and then a professed Liberal, and professedly opposed to the Church of England possessing any civil advantages in Canada not enjoyed by other religious denominations.*

* But an earlier Petition to the Crown had been presented, immediately after the publication of Dr. Strachan's famous Letter and Chart, and a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed on the Civil Government of Canada, which investigated Canadian affairs at the same time that a Select Committee of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada was investigating the Letter and Chart on Petitions from various Christian denominations. Sir Francis Hincks, in his pamphlet on the Clergy Reserves, etc., published in London, 1869, says:

"There was much in Dr. Strachan's Letter and Chart that was deemed offensive to the members of other denominations, and on its publication was not only taken by the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, but by the inhabitants, who entrusted a petition, signed by 8,000 people, to Mr. George Ryerson, an influential Wesleyan Methodist, who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1828. The report of that Committee, of which Mr. Huskisson was Chairman, and Mr. Stanley (now Earl of Derby), Mr. Labouchere (now Lord Taunton), Sir Franklin Lewis, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Sir James McIntosh, and others were members, was, 'That they cannot avoid recommending in the strongest manner the propriety of securing for the future any provision which may be deemed necessary for the religious wants of

But a check was given to the progress and settlement of this question by a design formed between Messrs. Hume, Roebuck, Papineau, and W. L. Mackenzie, to erect Canada into an independent republic. The writer of these papers was in England

the community in these Provinces, by other means than the reservation of one-seventh of the land, according to the enactment of the Act of 1791.'

"With regard to the doubts which had arisen as to the meaning of the term 'Protestant clergy,' the Committee observe, 'The law officers of the Crown have given an opinion in favour of the rights of the Church of Scotland to such participation, in which your Committee entirely concur; but the question has been raised, whether the clergy of every denomination of Christians, except Roman Catholics, may not be included.' While abstaining from offering any opinion on the legal definition of the term, the Committee declared its opinion that the intention of the framers of the Act of 1791 was 'to reserve to the Government the right to apply the money, if they saw fit, to any Protestant clergy.'" (pp. 5, 6.)

Lord Stanley, in his speech, the 2nd May, 1828, in reference to the Report on the Civil Government of Canada, as reported in the *Mirror of Parliament* (corrected by his own hand), said

"That if any exclusive privileges be given to the Church of England, not only will the measure be repugnant to every principle of sound legislation, but contrary to the spirit and intentions of the Act of 1791, under which the Reserves were made for the Protestant clergy. I will not enter further into it at present, except to express my hope that the House will guard Canada against the evils which religious dissensions have already produced in this country and in Ireland, where we have examples to teach us what to shun. We have seen the evil consequences of this system at home. God forbid we should not profit by experience; and more especially in legislating for a people bordering on a country where religious intolerance and religious exclusions are unknown—a country to which Parliament looked in passing the Act of 1791, as all the great men who argued the question then expressly declared. It is important that His Majesty's Canadian subjects should not have occasion to look across the narrow boundary that separates them from the United States and see anything there to envy."

It is singular that when it was proposed to pass the Duke of Newcastle's Bill in the House of Lords, in 1853, to repeal the Clergy Reserve Act, Lord Stanley, now become the Earl of Derby and the leader of the Conservative party, opposed the Bill, declaring that the Clergy Reserves were intended and set apart for the Church of England—the very reverse of what, as both an historical fact and a principle of legislation, he had declared twenty-five years before in the House of Commons.

Sir George Murray, Secretary of State for the Colonies under the Duke of Wellington's Government, in a speech in the House of Commons, July, 1832, on a motion for a grant to the Episcopal North American Clergy, said:

"This country is bound to provide religious instruction for the people of our Colonies. At the same time, he (Sir George Murray) begged to say that, so far

from November, 1835, to March, 1837, seeking aid and a Royal Charter for what is now known as Victoria University. Almost every gentleman to whom he was introduced, or whom he met, said, "You people in Canada are going to set up a republican government for yourselves, and separate from us." I denied it, when I was told, it so appears from letters of Mr. Hume, who is understood to be the agent of the Reformers of Upper Canada, and Mr. Roebuck, agent of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, and their correspondents in Canada. My answer was, that the people of Upper Canada were not Republicans, were truly loyal to the King and British connection, but desired and insisted upon the impartial administration of the government to all parties, and equal civil rights and privileges among all classes of the people. So deeply mortified did I feel at these unjust and injurious suspicions in regard to the people of Canada, that I sat down and addressed to Messrs. Hume and Roebuck six letters, through the *Times* newspaper, in which I showed, from their own letters and the words of Messrs. Papineau and W. L. Mackenzie, that they were the originators and advisers of the departure from reform to revolution in Canada, the new scheme for throwing off what Mr. Hume called "the baneful domination of the mother country," and for establishing a republic in Canada. These letters were signed "A Canadian," were reprinted and widely circulated in Canada, were collected together under the auspices and at the expense of the British American Association of Merchants in London, and a copy of them sent to each member of both Houses of Parliament.

When these letters were written in London, as also one in

from approving the maintenance of any exclusive system in the Colonies, he thought any such system there bad and dangerous. He was of opinion that the pastors of all religious persuasions in the Colonies were equally entitled to support, and he deprecated the establishment of any one Church over all others."

One can hardly avoid the reflection, that had the venerable Archdeacon of York, and the clergy of the Church of England in Canada, acquiesced forthwith in the decisions of the high Imperial authorities, instead of resisting them, and recognized the constitutional rights of their fellow-subjects in Canada, instead of denying and seeking to paralyze, if not destroy them, how different would have been the Canadian history for more than twenty-five years from what it was! how much more harmonious and rapid the progress of the country, and how much better for the Church of England itself!

reply to a personal attack of Mr. Peter Perry, in the U. C. House of Assembly, in the spring of 1836, the author had no idea of a new election in Upper Canada; but in May, 1836, Sir F. B. Head dissolved the House of Assembly, and adroitly turned the issue, not on the question of the Clergy Reserves, or of other practical questions, but on the question of connection with the mother country, and of Republicanism *versus* Monarchy, as had been recommended by Messrs. Hume and Roebuck, and advocated by Messrs. Mackenzie and Papineau. This was successful, inasmuch as those Reformers who would not disavow their connection with Messrs. Mackenzie, Hume, and Roebuck lost their elections; for though not more than half a dozen of them had any sympathy with the sentiments of Messrs. Hume, Roebuck, Papineau, and Mackenzie, they did not wish to break the unity of the Reform party by repudiating them, and suffered defeat in consequence at the elections. The successful candidates generally, while they repudiated republican separation from the mother country, promised fidelity to the often-expressed and well-known wishes of the people in the settlement of the Clergy Reserve question, which, however, they failed to fulfil, as will presently be seen.

In the meantime, the Mackenzie, or revolutionary section of the Reformers, resolved to carry their views into effect by *force of arms*, and formed secret clubs or societies for that purpose, counselled and guided by a secret Revolutionary Committee in Toronto. An attack was made upon the city by the rebels, headed by Mackenzie, on the 4th of December, 1837; but the citizens volunteered and took arms in its defence, from the Chief Justice downwards. The rebels, invading the city from Yonge Street, were repulsed with considerable loss, and the rebellion was crushed, the rebels in the west, in the county of Oxford, headed by Dr. Charles Duncombe, being dispersed by the militia volunteers under the command of Sir Allan McNab. There was no rebel rising east of Toronto, and few, if any, rebels.

In the elections of 1836, the Earl of Durham says that Sir F. B. Head "succeeded in putting the question in such a light before the Province that a great portion of the people really imagined that they were called upon to decide the question of *separation* by their votes." Had the constitutional and

loyal Reformers *declared* their opposition to the avowed sentiments and objects of Messrs. Mackenzie, Hume, and Roebuck, Sir F. B. Head would have had no grounds for placing such an issue before the country, and hardly would have done so. The elections would have taken place on the grounds of responsible government and equal civil and religious rights among all Christian denominations. After the most thorough inquiry, the Earl of Durham, in his Report, says that "the Assembly of Upper Canada did not possess the public confidence." The great body of the Reformers were as loyal to British connection in 1836 as they are now in 1880; and Sir F. B. Head himself boasted of the loyalty of the Reformers generally, equally with the Conservatives, in putting down the rebellion; but afterwards, the leaders of the majority in the new Assembly (which the Earl of Durham said "did not possess the public confidence") endeavoured to implicate the loyalty of the whole Reform party on account of the rebellion of a small section of them, just as attempts are now made by certain partizans to fasten, alternately, annexation sentiments and designs upon the whole Conservative and Reform parties on account of the annexation avowals of some individuals of both parties. The error of the leaders of the Constitutional Reform party in 1836 was their not at once disavowing all sympathy and connection with the sentiments and designs of Messrs. Hume, Roebuck, Mackenzie, and Papineau to sever Canada from England with a view to its annexation to the United States. Sir F. Hincks says, in an admirably written pamphlet, published in London in 1869, "The unfortunate rebellion of 1837 had for a time almost annihilated the Reform party, which only began to revive on the appointment of Lord Durham as Governor-General and High Commissioner. On the publication of his Lordship's report it received an immense accession of strength."*

* *Religious Endowments in Canada—The Clergy Reserve and Rectory Questions. A Chapter of Canadian History. By Sir Francis Hincks, K.C., M.G.C.B.* Published in London, by Dalton & Lacy, 28 Cockspur Street, booksellers to the Queen and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; pp. 109.

As early as 1832, Lord Goderich, by the command of the King, sent positive instructions to the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada to submit to the Canadian Legislature the settlement of the Clergy Reserve question, by "varying or repealing the provision for support of a Protestant clergy, as

It may be advisable to give in this place a summary view of the legislative proceedings on this subject. I do so by epitomizing an Address to the Queen, adopted by the House of Assembly in 1850, by a majority of 46 to 23, and accompanied by an excellent despatch from the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine:

1. The reservation of a large portion of the public domain of the Province, for the support of a Protestant clergy, by an Act passed in the reign of King George the Third, has been for many years a source of intense dissatisfaction to the great majority of His Majesty's subjects in Upper Canada.

2. In the early settlement of the Province the reserve lands were of little value, and as no sales had then been authorized by the Imperial Parliament, the question attracted but a slight share of public attention.

3. The power given by the 41st clause of the above-mentioned Act (31 George III. chap. 21) to the Provincial Legislature, to "vary or repeal" the provisions respecting the allotment and appropriation of lands for the support of a Protestant clergy, affords sufficient evidence that, in the opinion of the Imperial Parliament, the question was one that ought to be settled with reference to the state of public opinion in the colony rather than to that of the mother country.

4. But so soon as the intention of the Government to dispose of the land reserved in Upper Canada became known, the representatives of the people of that Province took the whole subject into most serious consideration, and, with an unanimity that prevailed on no other question, endeavoured to remove a grievance complained of by the people, save and except by those interested in the maintenance of Church Establishments.

5. In the year 1827, a Bill to authorize the sale of the Clergy Reserves, and the application of the proceeds thereof to the purposes of general education, was passed through the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, the division on the second reading having been 22 to 6; but this Bill was rejected by the Legislative Council.

6. A dissolution having taken place soon afterwards, the tenth Parliament of Upper Canada met in the year 1829, when

it might judge best for the religious and general interests of the country." But the order was evaded; and the question was still kept open as a subject of agitation.

a Bill for the sale of the Clergy Reserves, and the application of the proceeds to educational purposes, passed through the various stages in the House of Assembly without a division, but was again rejected by the Legislative Council.

7. In the year 1830, during the second session of the tenth Parliament, another Bill, containing similar provisions to the former ones, was passed by the House of Assembly without a division, and was rejected by the Legislative Council.

8. A dissolution having taken place, a new Parliament met in 1831, when resolutions expressing the same views were adopted by a large majority in the House of Assembly—an amendment proposed by the Solicitor-General (Hagarman) having been rejected on a division by 29 to 7.

9. In the year 1832, during the second session of the eleventh Parliament, an Address to the Crown, praying for the application of the Clergy Reserves to educational purposes, was carried by a large majority in the House of Assembly.

10. After the Address last referred to, a Message was sent down to the House by Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Colborne, in which His Excellency states that he had His Majesty's commands to make a communication to the House of Assembly in reference to the lands set apart for the support and maintenance of a Protestant clergy; that His Excellency informed the House that the representations made to His Majesty, and to his royal predecessors, of the prejudice sustained by his faithful subjects in the Province, from the appropriating of the Clergy Reserves, had engaged His Majesty's most attentive consideration; that His Majesty had considered with no less anxiety how the power given to the Provincial Legislature by the Constitutional Act, to vary or repeal this part of its provisions, could be called into exercise most advantageously for the spiritual and temporal interests of His Majesty's faithful subjects in the Province.

11. After the reception of the above Message, a Bill to re-invest the Clergy Reserves in the Crown, discharged of all trusts whatsoever [that is, to convert them into Crown Lands, pure and simple], was introduced and read a second time on a division of 29 to 7.

12. In the year 1833, during the third session of the eleventh Parliament, a Bill, similar in its provisions with

that formerly adopted by the House, was read a second time on a division of 26 to 2.

13. In the year 1834, during the fourth session of the eleventh Parliament, a Bill of similar character was passed through its several stages in the House of Assembly by considerable majorities, though opposed with the whole weight of the Government, but was rejected by the Legislative Council.

13. In the year 1835, during the first session of the twelfth Parliament of Upper Canada, a Bill for the sale of the Clergy Reserves, and the application of the proceeds to educational purposes, was passed by a majority of 40 to 4, but was rejected by the Legislative Council.

15. During the same session, resolutions were sent down to the House of Assembly by the Legislative Council, in which the opinion was expressed, that as the Legislature of the Province had been unable to concur in any measure respecting the Clergy Reserves, it was expedient to address His Majesty and both Houses of Parliament, requesting that *the Imperial Parliament should legislate on the subject!*

16. This monstrous proposition to abandon the legislative functions which the Imperial Act had conferred upon the Provincial Legislature, to "vary or repeal" the Clergy Reserve provisions, and transfer them to the British Parliament, was promptly rejected by the House of Assembly, which resolved thereupon, by a majority of 24 to 12, that the House had heretofore repeatedly passed Bills providing for the sale of the Clergy Reserves and the appropriation of the moneys arising therefrom to the support of education, which Bills had been rejected without amendment by the Legislative Council. With the same view the House had repeatedly made known, by humble and dutiful addresses to His Majesty, their wishes and opinions—the wishes and opinions of His Majesty's faithful subjects in this Province—on this highly important subject, and the House took that opportunity of declaring that these wishes and opinions, both on the part of the House and of their constituents, remained entirely unchanged. That during the second session of the then last Parliament, His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, by Message, informed the House that he had His Majesty's instructions to invite the House to consider how the

powers given to the Provincial Legislature by the Constitutional Act, to "vary and repeal" the provisions which it contains for the allotment and appropriation of the Clergy Reserves, might be most advantageously exercised for the spiritual and temporal interests of his faithful subjects in the Province. That the House, in compliance with His Majesty's wishes thus graciously expressed, and with the strong and well-known desires of His Majesty's faithful subjects in the Province, had passed a Bill during the then present session to provide for the sale of the Clergy Reserves, and to apply the moneys arising from such sales to the support of education. That the Legislative Council had not passed said Bill, had not amended it, and had not passed any other Bill on the subject.

17. In the year 1836, during the second session of the twelfth Parliament, a Bill embodying similar principles to those repeatedly passed by the House of Assembly, was again introduced, and was carried on a division by a majority of 35 to 5. The said Bill was amended by the Legislative Council by expunging all the enacting clauses, and substituting provisions for investing the Reserves in the Crown for the maintenance of public worship and the support of religion. The House of Assembly adopted, by a majority of 27 to 1, certain amendments to the amended Bill sent down by the Legislative Council affirming the principles of their original Bill.

18. During the same session, a despatch from Lord Glenelg, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, to Lieutenant-Governor Sir Francis Head, was communicated to the House of Assembly, in which his Lordship treated the question as one to be settled by the Provincial Legislature, and declined to interfere with the deliberations of the Legislature by offering any suggestions of his own.

19. The twelfth Parliament having been dissolved by Sir Francis Head, a general election was held at a period of great excitement, and the question of the disposal of the Clergy Reserves was lost sight of during the political struggle which ensued. During the first three sessions of this thirteenth and last Parliament of Upper Canada, various efforts were made to settle the question, but without any satisfactory result. At length, in the course of the third session, a Bill which had passed the Legislative Council, providing for the re-investment

of the said Reserves (not in the Crown, but) in the *Imperial Parliament*, was brought down to the House of Assembly, and, by dint of every sort of persuasion and influence on the members, a majority of *one* was obtained for passing it—the vote being 22 to 21. But the Bill was disallowed by the Imperial Government, "there being an insuperable objection to it on point of form." The Governor-General, Lord Sydenham, in announcing the disallowance of this Bill, states "that, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, the Provincial Legislature would bring to the decision of the question an extent of accurate information as to the wants and general opinion of society in this country, in which the Imperial Parliament was unavoidably deficient."

20. Another attempt at settlement was made during the last session of this last Parliament of Upper Canada, when a Bill passed both Houses providing for the sale and disposal of the Clergy Reserves, which Bill having been reserved did not receive the Royal assent; but instead of which, Lord John Russell, then Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, introduced a Bill into the Imperial Parliament (3 and 4 Vic., chap. lxxviii.), and which passed, providing that the entire Clergy Reserve revenue, from the investments made before the passing of that Act (1840), should be assigned to the Churches of England and Scotland alone, to the exclusion of all other religious denominations. The provisions of this Bill not only took from the people of Upper Canada the control of the revenue of property which their own labour had rendered valuable, and which their Constitutional Act gave their representatives the right to "vary or repeal," but actually disposed of that revenue by the Imperial Parliament, at variance with and against the views and wishes of the representatives of the people of Upper Canada in nine sessions of four successive Parliaments.

Messrs. William and Egerton Ryerson had been appointed representatives of the Canadian Conference to the British Conference, which met in Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1840. On their arrival in England, they found Lord John Russell's Bill for the disposal of the Canadian Clergy Revenues to the Churches of England and Scotland before Parliament; and as representing the largest religious denomination in Upper Canada, they

requested an interview with Lord John Russell on the subject of his Lordship's Bill before Parliament. In the interview granted, they pointed out to his Lordship the injustice, impolicy, and danger of the Bill, should it become law, and respectfully and earnestly prayed his Lordship to withdraw the Bill; but he was inflexible, when the Messrs. Ryerson prayed to his Lordship to assent to their being heard at the Bar of the House of Commons against the Bill; at which his Lordship became very angry—thinking it presumptuous that two Canadians, however numerous and respectable their constituency, should propose to be heard at the Bar of the British House of Commons against a measure of Her Majesty's Government. But the Messrs. Ryerson knew their country and their position, and afterwards wrote a respectful but earnest letter to his Lordship against his measure, and faithfully warned him of the consequences of it if persevered in; they went so far as to intimate that the measure would prove an opening wedge of separation between Great Britain and the people of Upper Canada; and lest they should be considered as endeavouring to fulfil their own predictions, they did not publish their letter to Lord John Russell, or write a line on the subject for more than ten years—knowing that a wound so deep would, without any action or word on their part, fester and spread so wide in the people of Upper Canada as ultimately to compel the repeal of the Act or sever their connection with Great Britain. The result was as the Messrs. Ryerson had apprehended; for in 1853 the Act was repealed by the British Parliament.*

* Earl Grey had intended to propose its repeal in 1850-51, and had requested the writer of these papers (who was then on an Educational tour in Europe) to remain in England in order to furnish his Lordship with data and details to enable him to answer objections which might be made to his Bill in the House of Lords, and wrote to Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, requesting the protracting of Mr. Ryerson's leave of absence for two or three months. But the Bill had to be deferred until another session, and Mr. Ryerson returned immediately to Canada. Sir Francis Hincks, in the pamphlet above referred to, on page 18, refers to the proceeding on the part of Earl Grey on the subject. He says:

"On the 11th of January, 1851, Earl Grey addressed a despatch to the Earl of Elgin, announcing that it appeared to Her Majesty's Government to be impossible for them, consistently with the principles on which they have always held that the Government of Canada ought to be conducted, to advise Her Majesty to refuse to

Early in 1852, the Government of which Earl Grey was Secretary of State for the Colonies was superseded by that of the Earl of Derby, with Sir John Pakington as Secretary of State for the Colonies, who, in a despatch to Lord Elgin, dated April 22, 1852, says:

"By a despatch from my predecessor, Earl Grey, of the 11th July last, you were informed that Her Majesty's then servants found themselves compelled to postpone to another session the introduction of a Bill into Parliament giving the Canadian Legislature authority to alter the existing arrangements with regard to the Clergy Reserves.

"With reference to that intimation, I have to inform you that it is not the intention of Her Majesty's present advisers to propose such a measure to Parliament this session." Two reasons assigned by Sir John Pakington for this decision were—first, that a general election had just taken place in the Province, and "it was yet uncertain what the views of the new Assembly as to the disposal of the Clergy Reserves may be;" second, that "the result would probably be the diversion to other purposes" of the Clergy Reserves than "the support of Divine worship and religious instruction in the Colony." Sir John Pakington was soon undeceived as to continued Canadian sentiment on the subject; for Sir Francis Hincks, then Inspector-General and Premier of Canada, who happened to be in London on official business in behalf of the Canadian Government, enclosed to Sir John Pakington an "Extract from a Report of a Committee of the Honourable the Executive Council on Matters of State," dated 7th April, 1852, approved by His Excellency the Governor-General (the Earl of Elgin) in Council on the same day. The Executive Council instructed "the Honourable the Inspector-General to ascertain the views of Her Majesty's Government on the subject of the repeal of the Imperial Act 3 and 4 Vic., chap. 78, in conformity with the addresses to Her Most Gracious Majesty, from both branches of the Canadian Legislature, at its last session, on the subject of the Clergy Reserves."

"The assurances of Her Majesty's late Government that such action would be taken, had prepared the people of Canada to expect that no further delay would take place in meeting their just wishes upon a question of such paramount importance to them; the Council, therefore, recommend that their colleague, the Inspector-General, be requested by the Provincial Secretary to seek an interview with Her Majesty's Ministers, and represent to them the

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comply with the prayer of the address of the Assembly" [for the repeal of Lord John Russell's Act of 1840].

"It had been the intention of Earl Grey to have introduced a Bill into Parliament during the session of 1850–51; but in a despatch dated the 27th January, 1851, he made Lord Elgin acquainted with the circumstances under which 'Her Majesty's Government are compelled to postpone to another session the introduction of the Bill.' When the Canadian Assembly met in 1851, an address of thanks to Her Majesty for the promise conveyed in Earl Grey's first despatch, was proposed and carried. No other action could be taken." (p. 56.)

importance of carrying out the pledges of their predecessors on the subject of the Clergy Reserves, and thus empower the Colonial Legislature to deal with the question in accordance with the well-understood wishes of the people of Canada."

Sir Francis Hincks enclosed this minute of the Executive Council of Canada, with a noble letter, dated May 3, 1852, in the course of which he said:

"I have already had an opportunity of urging, during the interview with which you were good enough to honour me, the importance of settling this long-vexed question as speedily as possible. It was my duty to state that the number of those who insist on the present settlement is very small, and I may now add, that one of the leading opposition newspapers in Upper Canada, and in the interest of the Church of England, has come out distinctly for a new scheme of distribution. I would press on Her Majesty's Government more formally what I have already urged in conversation with you, that if, as has been alleged, the present Canadian Parliament is favourable to the views of the Church of England, it is surely the best time for that Church to procure a settlement that will be regarded as constitutional.

"I can assure Her Majesty's Government with the utmost sincerity, that there will be no end to the agitation in Canada if the attempt be made to settle the question permanently according to public opinion in England, instead of that of the Province itself; and I may add, that it is well known that many who are opponents of the secularization of the Clergy Reserves are, on constitutional grounds, in favour of a settlement by the Provincial Parliament. I believe that, after the assurance given by the late Government, it will be impossible to protract very long the repeal of the Imperial Act."

In another letter addressed by Sir Francis Hincks to Sir John Pakington, dated May 10, 1842, Sir Francis says:

"I am bound by a sense of duty to express to her confidential advisers that it is with the most serious alarm I have read the concluding portion of your despatch. Most devoutly attached as I am to the maintenance of the subsisting connection between the Mother Country and the British American Colonies, I cannot view without grave apprehension the prospect of collision between Her Majesty's Government and the Parliament of Canada, on a question regarding which such strong feelings prevail among the great mass of the population. Such a difficulty is the more to be regretted because the question of the Clergy Reserves is the only one, so far as I am aware, at all likely to lead to collision. It happens, most unfortunately, that public opinion in England differs widely from that in Canada on questions partaking of a religious character; and as the people of Canada are convinced that they are better judges than any parties in England can be of what measures will best conduce to the peace and welfare of the Province, Her

Majesty's Government will, I trust, perceive the danger, which, I apprehend, is at least deserving of the most grave consideration.

"I cannot have the slightest doubt that the members of Her Majesty's Government are actuated by the most earnest desire to promote the best interests of Canada, and that if they could be brought to believe that I have given a faithful account of the state of public opinion there, they would be disposed to yield their own wishes for the sake of the peace of the Colony.

"I am quite ready to acknowledge the high respectability of the petitioners against the repeal of the Clergy Reserves Act. The bishops, clergy, and an influential portion of the laity of the Church of England, the clergy and a portion of the Church of Scotland, are doubtless in favour of the present settlement, which, indeed, confers on the Church of Scotland an income wholly beyond its requirements in Canada ; while a majority of the Presbyterian population receive no share of the endowment, nor desire to participate in it.

"While, however, I admit the respectability of the petitioners, I think I am justified in affirming that they do not represent anything like a majority of the population of Canada ; indeed, the very fact that they, on all occasions, endeavour to accomplish their wishes by appealing, not to their representatives in Parliament, but to the Imperial Parliament, is conclusive proof that they are themselves conscious that their views are not in accordance with public opinion in Canada."

The Derby Ministry had to resign office in December, 1852, and the Duke of Newcastle succeeded Sir John Pakington as Secretary of State for the Colonies ; and on the 15th January, 1853, the Duke addressed a despatch to the Earl of Elgin, announcing the decision of the new Ministry to propose the repeal of the Imperial Act of 1840, which was successfully accomplished.

Thus was a struggle of more than twenty-five years ended, equality before the law of all religious denominations established, and the constitutional rights of the people of Upper Canada secured, to their great joy. But the Bishop of Toronto, whose policy and measures had caused so much agitation in Upper Canada, regarded this settlement of the Clergy Reserve question as an irreparable calamity to the Church of England in Canada. On the 16th of March, 1853, the Bishop addressed a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, of which the following are extracts :

"Power and violence are to determine the question ; vested rights and the claims of justice are impediments to be swept away. Hence the spoliation sought to be perpetrated by the Legislature of Canada has no parallel in

Colonial history. Even in the midst of the American Revolution, the old colonists, during the heart-burnings and ravages of civil war, respected the ecclesiastical endowments made by the Crown against which they were contending." * * *

[The grants made by the Crown were all held by the same tenure—whether to individuals or corporations—not reservations for certain purposes with power expressly given to Colonial Assemblies to "vary or repeal" them.]

"I feel bitterly, my Lord Duke, on this subject. Till I heard of your Grace's despatch, I had fondly trusted in Mr. Gladstone and his friends, of whom you are one, notwithstanding the present doubtful Administration; and I still argued in my heart, though not without misgivings, that the Church was safe. I have cherished her with my best energies for more than half a century in this distant corner of God's dominions; and after many trials and difficulties I was beholding her with joy, enlarging her tent, lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes, but now this joy is turned into grief and sadness, for darkness and tribulation are approaching to arrest her onward progress. Permit me, in conclusion, my Lord Duke, to entreat your forgiveness if in the anguish of my spirit I have been too bold, for it is far from my wish or intention to give personal offence. And of this rest assured, that I would most willingly avert, with the sacrifice of my life, the calamities which the passing of your Bill will bring upon the Church in Canada."

There is a touching pathos in the close of this letter; but the Bishop himself lived to see his apprehended calamities turned into blessings; for the most prosperous and brightest days of the Church of England in Upper Canada have been from 1853 to the present time.

THE FLOWERS.

YOUR voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all teachers and from all divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

HOLLAND.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

A country that draws fifty feet of water ;
A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
In which men do not live but go on board.—*Hudibras.*

THIS amphibious country is well named Holland—the hollow land. Its character is indicated by its heraldic cognizance—a swimming lion, with the motto *Luctor et Emergo.* Much of the country lies below the level of the sea. These fertile pastures have been reclaimed from the domain of the ocean by the daring industry of the Dutch, who have built great dikes, or embankments, to keep out the ravening sea, which, unlike the "ancient and unsubsidized allies of England"—an invulnerable defence—is an implacable enemy, perpetually besieging their earthen ramparts. In spite of ceaseless vigilance against its assaults, the ocean sometimes bursts its barriers and turns fertile meadows and smiling valleys into a stormy sea—*Verdronken Land* as it is called—literally, "drowned land." Over and over again the patriotic Dutch have opened the dikes and laid their country far and wide beneath the waves, as their sole defence against Spanish tyranny. In the terrible siege of Antwerp by the French in 1832, the dikes were cut and the country for three years was flooded by the sea, and gun-boats cruised about the fields. The stratum of saline sand deposited almost prevented cultivation for many years.

The route from Antwerp to Rotterdam traverses a characteristically Dutch landscape—vast meadows, level as a floor and divided by trenches of water. Canals ramify everywhere, along whose silent highways stealthily glide the *trekschuits* or "drawboats," often dragged by men, or even women, harnessed like horses. Along the horizon, wherever one looks, are rows of picturesque windmills, ceaselessly brandishing their mighty arms, as if to challenge any over-valiant Quixotte to mortal combat. I have seen a dozen in a single view. The villages, country-houses, and gardens are scrupulously, almost painfully,

neat and clean. The town-houses are generally high and narrow, built of red brick with crow-stepped gables, each with a large crane for hoisting goods from the streets, or from the canals which ramify everywhere. The slow barges creep along, and just as you want to cross a canal up swings the counterpoised drawbridge, and you envy the Dutch patience of the vrows and mynheers who quietly wait—the latter stolidly pulling at their porcelain pipes, as though it were life's sole concern—till the bridge falls again. The language, too, has such a grotesque, half comic look—like English gone mad. For instance, on cellar doors you read, "Water en vuur te koop"—"water and fire to sell," where boiling water and hot turf are furnished the poor to prepare their tea and coffee. "Dit huis is te huur,"—"This house is to hire,"—and "Hier verkoopt man sterke dranken,"—literally, "Here a man may buy strong drinks,"—frequently occur.

The men and women one meets in the street seem built on the same principles as the Dutch boats in the canals—very broad and staunch-looking craft. I saw, at last, where Rubens found the models for his very solid saints and angels, and for his exceedingly ample, not to say exuberant, allegorical figures. There happened to be in progress, when I was in Rotterdam, a *Kermis*—literally a "Church Mass," but practically a peasants' fair, or Dutch carnival, when the whole city, thronged with the neighbouring peasantry, was given up to sight-seeing. A balloon was sailing overhead, and till it passed from view everybody was craning his neck to catch a glimpse of it. Posts were planted across certain streets to prevent the intrusion of carriages on the region reserved for the fair. This region was crowded with booths, tents, merry-go-rounds; stages for harlequins, mountebanks, quacksalvers, cheap theatricals; shooting galleries, peep shows, stalls for selling all manner of toys, trinkets, pictures, fancy goods; and more than all, and everywhere, luncheon booths and drink counters. Greater Babel I never heard. The chapmen and vendors were crying their wares, bands were discoursing brazen music in half a dozen places at once; not to mention the drums, trumpets, and vociferations of itinerant showmen inviting the surging crowd to enter the enchanted palace or fairy bower whose beauties were portrayed on glaring canvas; the proprietors of the

learned pig, the tame snakes, the happy family of monkeys and parrots, or of the dwarf and giantess, setting forth the attractions of their respective shows. It was the most vivid realization of Bunyan's Vanity Fair I ever expect to see. The throngs of people consisted largely of peasants in their gala dress—the men in stiff high-collared coats with big horn buttons, and high-crowned hats; the women in stuff gowns with a white neckerchief, a lace cap and a broad gold band across the forehead with spiral horns projecting at either side, and large, clumsy-looking pendants in their ears. These must be of considerable value, but Dutch thrift secures to almost every peasant woman this singular and ugly head-gear.

The inn where I lodged was thronged with these holiday-makers, evidently bent on having a good time. I was much amused, as I took my lunch, at a group at another table —composed, I surmised, of the parish priest and three or four of his male parishioners with their wives; and stout, florid, homely, hearty women they were. They ordered the waiters about, and talked all together with their mouths full, ate with their knives, and sat so far from the table that not a little of their food fell on the floor, and gnawed their bones in a voracious manner. The common conventions of table etiquette did not trouble them in the least. They seemed to be a simple-minded, honest, industrious people. In this prosaic country even the dogs have to work for their living, as seen in the cut, which represents a common street scene in Rotterdam.

Street Scene in Rotterdam.

The town has little of architectural interest. The Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Lawrence, is a large, bare, ugly structure. The view of red roofs, flat pastures, windmills, and canals, did not repay me for my weary climb up its lofty spire. A great dike runs through the town, along which stretches the Hoog Straat, or High Street. The busiest spot in the city is the Boompjes, a handsome quay planted with trees, from which

a hundred steamers and innumerable other vessels sail to many Dutch and foreign ports. The art gallery is rich in homely Dutch interiors and still life, painted with exquisite minuteness; but the prosaic subjects seemed to me not worth the skill or patience bestowed upon them. In the Groote Markt is a fine statue of Erasmus, and on the small house, now a tavern, in which the great scholar was born is the legend, "Haec est parva domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus."

It is only fourteen miles from Rotterdam to the Hague, and on the way we pass, first Schiedam, celebrated for its "Hollands" and "Geneva," in which baneful manufacture 220 distilleries are said to be employed; and then Delft, which gives its name to our common pottery, and from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for Plymouth Rock. A more painful interest attaches to the Prinsenhof, or palace, the scene of the assassination of William the Silent, the grand Protestant champion of Europe. The mark of the bullet is still seen. Here also Grotius was born.

The Hague, for centuries the capital of Holland, with a population of 100,000, is one of the most charming cities I have ever seen. Its handsome streets, spacious squares, quaint old houses, splendid park of stately elms and chestnuts, its fish-ponds and tree-shaded canals, have an air of unsurpassed quiet, comfort, and thrift. Its galleries and museums are exceedingly rich in treasures of art. Nor is it without stirring historic memories. It was with profound interest that I visited the spot where the grand old Arminian, Barneveldt, was executed in his seventy-second year, 1619. In the art gallery one may read the naval history of Holland in the famous battle pieces which illustrate the career of De Ruyter and of Van Tromp, who, with broom at masthead, swept up the Thames till his guns were heard in London streets. The splendid wig and aristocratic nose of our Dutch sovereign, William III., will also profoundly impress the hero-worshipping mind. The gem of the collection, however, is neither King nor Kaiser, but Paul Potter's far-famed bull—a magnificent animal, which seems about to step out of the canvas. When it was stolen by Napoleon, the Dutch offered for it 60,000 florins—over $20,000. The naval, municipal, and royal museums abound in objects of intense artistic or historic interest.

The railway from the Hague to Amsterdam, by way of Leyden and Haarlem, traverses the sand dunes of the Northern Sea, and a broad "polder" reclaimed from the ocean. Leyden is chiefly famous for its three months' siege by the Spaniards in 1574, when 6,000 persons died of famine rather than yield to the hated foe, of whose historic defence the story is so grandly told by Motley. The old town has almost as many canals as streets, and the sluggish water forms a complete double moat. Its university was long one of the most famed in Europe.

Haarlem, too, has its story of cruel siege and brave defence, in which even the women took an active part, and 10,000 of the people perished. But the Spaniards were, at last, victors, and the Protestant clergy and 2,000 citizens were ruthlessly executed. The great organ of the Groote Kerk is one of the finest in the world. This was the chief seat of the tulip mania of 1637, when a single rare bulb sold for $5,000. In a few months the price fell to $20.

Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, contrasts very unfavourably with the Queen of the Adriatic. It may be more thrifty, but it is far less poetic. The busy traffic of its canals continually perturbs their muddy waters, and the tall, dull, red brick houses, through the sinking of the piles on which they rest, lean at various angles as though they would topple over. Like Venice, Amsterdam has grown from a few fishermen's huts, built like seagulls' nests, on an oozy sandbank, to be a great commercial entrepôt. It has a thrifty population of 300,000. Its ninety islands are connected by 300 bridges, and, as in Venice, almost every house can be reached by water. The stately rows of elms, however, that border the canals have no counterpart in the fairer southern city. The finest building is the Palace, a massive Renaissance structure, built for a town hall, on 14,000 piles. Its interior is exceedingly sumptuous, and the Council Chamber of those merchant princes is one of the most magnificent in Europe.

The Rijks Museum is the finest gallery in Holland. Here alone can Rembrandt be seen at his best—in his famous "Night Watch," and "Syndics." Helst's "Arquebusiers" is also marvellously life-like and real. Teniers, Van Ostade, Dow, Cuyp, and the masters of the Dutch school are here in their glory; but their favourite subjects seem to me irredeemably prosaic—a

tavern scene, a kitchen, a fish-market, which are not much to my taste, however artistically shown. I went to see the famous fish auction, and was glad to escape from its unsavoury crowds of sailors and fish-wives and their slimy merchandise. I lodged at the old Bible House, in which the first Dutch Bible was printed. I was shown a copy of the original edition of 1542—a massive black letter book with queer old cuts. The son of the printer opened an inn, and set up as his sign an open Bible inscribed with the text, "Take a little wine for thy stomach sake;" and there, above the door, it is to this day.

I returned from this famed city of the Zuider Zee by way of Utrecht, where was signed the important treaty which gave peace to Europe in 1713, and Gouda, famed for its stained glass, to Rotterdam. I shared the carriage with a very polite and intelligent Jew and his family, who gave me much information. The religious toleration of Holland made it a place of refuge for these persecuted Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind, and added to the wealth and thrift of the country. Amsterdam has nearly 40,000 Jews, with ten splendid synagogues. Here, in 1632, the celebrated Spinoza, the "father of modern philosophy," was born.

On my return journey to Brussels, I travelled with a German merchant of very radical sentiments. He bitterly denounced the domestic policy of the Government, especially its oppressive military system, which, he said, was crushing the life out of the trade and industry of the country; and he cited examples which went far to vindicate his antipathy. The people, he said, were ready to revolt, but for the iron hand that kept them down. If such sentiments widely prevail, it is an omen of ill augury for the future of the Empire.

I was sorry that I could not visit the far-famed field of Waterloo, where, by English valour, the liberties of Europe were secured and the greatest despot of history was overthrown; but my time would not permit. Only one more day was left for me on the Continent, and I must make the best of it. Reaching Brussels at midnight, I left it early in the morning for Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, Dover, and London. The railway traverses a flat and fertile country, cultivated like a garden. My first pause was at the ancient town of Ghent, celebrated in song and story—the birthplace of our English John of

Gaunt, of the Emperor Charles V., of the Van Arteveldes, and of many another famed in history. In the fifteenth century it was one of the most important free cities of Europe, boasting 80,000 citizens capable of bearing arms. Its chief prosperity arose from its industrial supremacy, its weavers alone numbering 40,000. When the bell was rung that summoned them to work, so great was the living stream that no vessels might pass the drawbridges, nor private persons enter the public ways. The same bell is still rung, but only to make more striking the contrast between its once surging throng and its now quiet and, in part, grass-grown streets. The old historic city has an air of fallen splendour, and of mouldering decay, that is almost pathetic. So great was its ancient prosperity that Charles V., playing upon the meaning of the name—from which we have the word gauntlet—said to Francis I.: "Je mettrai votre Paris dans mon Gand,"—"I will put your Paris into my glove."

The venerable Church of St. Bavon, unattractive and plain without, is exceedingly magnificent with the armorial bearings of the Knights of the Golden Fleece within. At the summit of its lofty spire is a golden dragon, captured in 1204 from St. Sophia at Constantinople. The chimes of its bells are wonderfully sweet, and ever and anon booms the great bell which bears the legend, "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, when I ring there is victory in the land."* It was the fête of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the church was crowded with worshippers. A procession of priests in crimson, purple and gold, accompanied by vergers with crosses, halberds, and maces, and peasants in blue blouses and wooden shoes, passed through the aisles, while the deep-toned organ shook the solid walls. The Hôtel de Ville has an excellent flamboyant façade, fronting a square surrounded by old Spanish houses, in which, in a conflict of the stormy guilds, 500 men were slain 500 years ago. I visited the famous Beguinage, a little suburb surrounded by its own moat and walls, with 18 convents, containing 1,000 Beguines, an order of nuns of extreme antiquity. In the *salon* is a fine Raphael, and specimens of the

* "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*"

exquisite lace work of the nuns, some of which I purchased as souvenirs for dear ones far away.

I stopped at Bruges chiefly on account of Longfellow's fine poem on its ancient belfry. In the fourteenth century Bruges was the greatest commercial centre of Europe. The ministers of twenty foreign powers dwelt within its walls, and vessels from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople bore the wealth of the Orient to its wharves. In the Church of Our Lady—*Onze Vrouw*—is the splendid tomb of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, and many art treasures. The chapel of the "Holy Blood" and a colossal image of "God the Father" attest the sacrilegious superstition of the people. Of this I had a further illustration in the procession in honour of the Virgin, which took place on this wise:

In a side chapel of the church a number of young men arrayed themselves in a sort of ecclesiastical dress, with facings of scarlet and gold. After much music and marshalling the procession was organized:—priests, acolytes, choristers, in their most gorgeous robes, carrying crosses and crucifixes and burning tapers; halberdiers in mediæval costumes, bearing battle-axes; young girls in white veils, with gilt palms in their hands and gilt wreaths on their heads, six of them carrying a richly adorned image of the Virgin, dressed in gold brocade; a troop of children, all in white and crowned with flowers; young men bearing banners, gilt shrines, and jewelled reliquaries, and a long procession of citizens, and bands of music playing martial airs in the intervals of the chanting of the priests and choir boys, while the continuous clamour of the bells rang through the air. The principal feature was a gorgeous canopy borne by four leading citizens over the "Host," which was enclosed in jewelled pyx and carried by a splendidly apparelled priest. Thurifers swung their censers; young girls strewed flowers, fern leaves, and palm branches before the sacred object; and the multitude of spectators fell down on their knees as the Real Presence of the Redeemer, as they imagined, passed by. Although some scowls were directed towards me as I stood erect, no one molested me. Candles were placed in the windows, and the houses were decorated with festoons and evergreens and wreaths of gilt ivy, as the pageant swept through the narrow streets, among mouldering monuments, and over an ancient bridge, in

the placid waters beneath which the water lilies floated and stately swans dressed their snowy plumage, and the ivy of a ruined wall was reflected. It seemed more like an illuminated picture out of a mediæval missal than like an actual experience. I felt like rubbing my eyes to see whether I was dreaming or whether this strange pageant was a reality.

I then wandered into the Grand Place, a large square at one side of which rose the celebrated belfry of Bruges, of which Longfellow sings so pleasantly, and inquired for the Fleur-de-Blé at which he lodged, but found that it had been demolished. I lunched, therefore, at a little table in front of a café, and feasted my eyes meanwhile on the stately tower and listened to the musical chimes, pronounced the sweetest in Belgium ; and mused upon the vanished splendours of the mouldering town. Near by was the beautifully carved gothic Hôtel de Ville, where the Counts of Flanders, on their accession to the throne, used to fling largess to the people and swear to maintain the rights of the city. Longfellow thus recalls the associations of the scene:

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours grey,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in that ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;
They who lived in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;*

* Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430, and the same day instituted the famous Order of the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ;

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land !"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Bruges had an ancient reputation for the beauty of its maidens—"formosis Brugæ puellis"—but they had an unintelligent expression that, to me, was less attractive than the bright looks of our quick-witted Canadian girls. A blight and mildew—the effect of Romish superstition—seems to have overgrown the place ; one-third of the population is said to be paupers—and very homely-looking ones they are—the women in long blue cloaks, and wearing clumsy wooden shoes.

In the fading twilight I took the train to Ostend, a famous fishing and watering place ; without stopping, I went on board the steamer, and soon left behind the row of glimmering lights of the seaside town. I was roused from my short slumber at two o'clock to climb a steep ladder to the pier at Dover, took an express train at four, and, getting a good view of Shakespeare's Cliff and of the grand old Castle, sped through the beautiful hop-fields of Kent, far surpassing in luxuriant beauty the fairest vineyards of Italy and the Rhine, and passing through Canterbury with its noble proto-cathedral of England, and Chatham with its famous docks, reached London at six o'clock, glad to see once more around me familiar English faces and to hear again the familiar English speech.

I have learned to prize
The quiet lightning of the deed, and not
The thunder of applause that follows at
Its heels that men call Fame.

Alexander Smith.

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

SUNDAY, April 1.—"Nathaniel," said my wife, "thou wert an honest man before thou hadst grown so righteous overmuch that thou must set thyself above thy betters, and bring thy family to beggary. What is to become of us, I know not. Thou wilt get no scholars, and thou seekest for no other work, as if an idle life pleased thee. Though who would hire a headstrong man like thee, that has given up a comfortable home for his whimsies? I would fain work for my poor children—though sure 'tis the husband's part to keep his own flesh and blood—but thou heardest what the rector said, Nathaniel. None would give me work neither, because thou'rt tied on to us like a stone. Don't tell me that's religion. I like religion that can pay its way, and keep a roof over them that belong to it, instead of being content to see 'em starve, so long as you can shut yourself up quiet, and fancy fiddlesticks. 'Tis not behaviour worthy of the name of a man, Nathaniel, and so I tell thee plainly. I'm not to be made to hold my tongue, if my poor children are to be left to starve. What doth the Bible say? I know so much of it, thank God—'If any provide not for his own house, he is worse than an infidel.'"

These bitter words were exceeding hard to bear. I had not misdoubted it during our courtship; but since we became one flesh, I have found that my dear wife hath a sharp tongue. During the time of our temporal wellbeing she curbed it, and ever treated me in public with respect. But now at times she raileth at me openly before the children, as though I were a drunkard, or an idle fellow that wilfully neglected her and them. 'Twould be cruel should she turn away from me their love. I fear not as yet for my little Susan and my little Jack. Yet even they regard me otherwise than they did—as one who had done some wrong they know not what, which they will nevertheless forgive, out of their love for me, and because of the anger towards me of the others. And this is not the way in which a mother should bring her children to look upon their father. What with her hard words

I was much discomposed until I had called to mind my blessed experience, and felt that my trust still stood firm in the Lord.

I have made up my mind not to forsake my church, but by regular attendance thereat, to put to shame them that falsely accuse us of being traitors to our church and king. But it was a trial of patience to have to listen to the vicar. Verily, I pitied his poor people as he emptied before them his boyish jumble of dry scraps, like stale crusts from a beggar's wallet. But it seemed to matter little to them what 'twas they heard, if not too long. Verily my heart burned within me to rouse them to a sense of their state as sinners, and of the free salvation awaiting them. Therefore when I saw them coming out of their cottages after dinner, although the wind blew keen, and hail had rattled against the church windows in the morning, I went out, my family much wondering what I was about, and invited them to assemble under the gable of our little house that I might speak a word in season unto them. Many came, and though snow had begun to fall, joined with me in the singing of a psalm; but when I had given out my text, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever," my eyes chanced to fall on the vicar's face, quietly watching us. I verily believe that the devil had entered into him, for the fashion of his countenance was altered. His face no longer wore its wonted foolish aspect as of an overgrown lad, but a malignant sneer as of a fiend. Instantly my fearsomeness returned, and it was borne in upon me that Ignorance had good right to claim me for companion, and that the devil, knowing this, had come to mock me for my presumption in thrusting myself forward as a teacher. The words I would have uttered froze upon my lips, and, seeing this, the devil, by the mouth of the vicar, shouted, "Dumb dog; April fool; pelt him home, boys." Covered with shame, I fled, indeed, like a hunted cur, to the scorn of my wife, and confusion of my children. Having gained my chamber, I fell upon my knees, and poured out my heart before God, praying Him to strengthen and enlighten me. Here I have ever since remained. My wife had retired to rest with her eldest daughters. Of all my family, Susan and little Jack only came to the door to bid me good night. It pricked me to the heart that little Susan shrank from me when I kissed her, as if half in fear.

Wed. 11.—After a dreary time of doubt and waiting, I can again rejoice in the Lord—again behold the clear shining of the

Sun of Righteousness. For days I had been miserable as the man with an unclean spirit in the country of the Gadarenes, who had his dwelling among the tombs. The devil stood ever at my elbow, walked with me step by step, mouthing at me, and saying, "What is thy religion but thy mood? As thou must come to me at last," he whispered, "eat, drink, and be merry, or else leap at once and be damned. Sure hell cannot be worse than thy present wretchedness." I retired into a cranny of the rocks, and poured out my heart before God, who graciously again spoke peace to my soul. Everlasting glory to Thy name, O Lord! On my road homeward, glad of heart, I gathered for my little ones a nosegay, and when they saw my altered countenance, they ran out to meet me as of old. My wife likewise noticed the change and smiled, thinking that I had heard of employment. Poor woman! 'twas sad to note the cloud that came over her face when she found her disappointment. The peace which I have regained and treasure as a pearl of great price, to her is but as the Pilgrims' truth to the people of Vanity Fair. Lord, open thou her eyes. Nevertheless, our present mode of life must be a cross unto her. I will bestir myself.

Thurs. 12.—The vicar called to ask why I was not at church yesterday, and took upon himself to say that my absenting myself on the occasion of a Public Fast was manifest proof of the disloyalty of my principles in matters both of Church and State. 'Tis unfortunate, but he would but have mocked, had I explained how this came about.

Fri. 13.—I have received great comfort from communion with the brethren in Bath. Brother Saunders, who hath the big shop in Southgate Street, hath, moreover, promised me employment as accountant. I am very thankful, and would judge no man harshly. Nevertheless, I cannot but think that I should have received a larger wage had I less freely opened my circumstances. Mr. Saunders is in pressing need of a good accountant, and, without vanity, I may reckon myself such. 'Tis not therefore a deed of charity he doeth, although he would so have it. But why should I behold the mote in my brother's eye? I render hearty thanks unto the Lord for this merciful opening of His Providence. In course of time I may obtain more lucrative employment, and, meanwhile, my wage will support my family with care and economy, and in prudent management my dear wife was never

lacking; which is strange, inasmuch as her father was a curate, and after having suffered much want in her home, she was suddenly exposed to the temptation of waste when she became maid in a great man's house. My little ones must go to the dame's school, and the elder ones still learning prepare their tasks for me to hear on my return to my home.

Mem.—My wife is glad, but would have been better pleased had not my employer been a Methodist. She saith that he hath not promised me enough to recompense me fairly for my toil; and this, indeed, is true; and that I shall be made the more obstinate in my ways of thinking through my service in his house. 'Tis these opportunities of Christian fellowship which have contented me with the poor pay. Although not of a liberal spirit, brother Saunders hath a great gift in prayer.

Sun. 15.—'Tis strange the change one week can bring about. This day se'nnight I was a prisoner to Giant Despair, and now my cup runneth over. To-morrow I go to my new employment. I have had a most peaceful day. There hath been more concord and kindliness among us than there hath been since the day when the Lord openeth my eyes. O God, let this not be a snare unto me. Bring my beloved ones to a knowledge of the truth, that we may, indeed, enjoy fellowship, the communion of saints. In his sermon this morning, the vicar could not let poor Mr. John Wesley alone. He solemnly assured us that the Pretender was riding about the country with "the rogue and vagabond Wesley," disguised as one of his preachers; that they paid no score at the houses of entertainment at which they put up, kept by men of their own kidney, but gave instead promises of the land and property of such of their neighbours as should continue steadfast to King George after the impending invasion. 'Twas a well-known fact, he said, that at their secret meetings the Methodists were sworn, under an awful oath, to take service under the Pretender, to join with the French and Scotch and Irish in saddling a Popish tyrant on free-born Englishmen, and that they met at night for drill in out-of-the-way places among the hills. Sure, if 'tis so well known, we keep our secrets badly from all save ourselves. If Mr. Wesley and his preacher, if any of his preachers ever came to ——, said the foolish young man, 'twould be the duty of true Englishmen to pass them through the horsepond, to deliver them up to justice, nay, to string them up to the nearest tree. The

people here are not easily moved for the most part, and they do but laugh now at their crazy parson. Nevertheless, in times of disturbance, such teaching might breed mischief among the quietest folk. Teaching, forsooth! 'tis but like the setting on of dogs, which anyone can do who hath wit to shout and hiss and clap his hands.

Tues. 17.—How soon have my words as to the vicar come true. To-day Mr. Saunders sent me to Farmer Farrant to solicit the settlement of an account, "and," quoth he, "if Robert pays thee, thou canst stay, an' thou wilt, to the preaching in the evening, and bring back the money with thee in the morning. He hath opened his house to the preachers." Now, although Mr. Farrant's farm is not in this parish, some of his men live in it, and have the report of being some of the worst folk therein—drunken, poachers, ever ripe for tumult. They are of those who never go nigh their church, save to be baptized, married, and buried, but having heard of last Sunday's sermon, it filled them with great delight, and they had sworn to follow the parson's counsel. Mr. Farrant could not pay me the money, which was a providence as things have turned out, as Mr. Saunders, although most pressing for it, will have to confess when I have related to him the circumstances. Notice having been given, a few gathered in the evening in Mr. Farrant's kitchen, to hear the preacher, with whom I had supped. But more remained without, among them those men of his of whom I have spoken, who had got at strong ale as well as hard cider, and made themselves little better than madmen. One of these, with less sense than the horses which 'tis his business to tend, freed from fear of his master by his drunkenness, took upon him to become ringleader of the mob, through which our little congregation had to run the gauntlet, being struck, pelted, and hustled on their way to the place of meeting. When all were inside the shutters were closed, and the door locked and bolted. We had scarce sung the first verse of the hymn when we heard the noise of men coming through the farm yard to the back way, who, beating on the door and windows, loudly demanded that the preacher should be brought out that they might hang him.

"His parson had bade him hang him," said the ringleader; and if the Pretender and the Pope (for to this the preacher had

grown) were not given up at once, the house should be pulled down, and we all treated alike.

Mr. Farrant, greatly incensed at the fellow's talk, and by the saucy answers which he gave him, would fain have gone out, but was persuaded to remain within by his wife, who, slipping out by another way, let loose the dogs on the mob, and ran across two fields for a justice of the peace. When the justice arrived the dogs were called off, and back came the mob, vowing bloody vengeance; but when they found who had come to our succour they slunk away muttering, still hanging about the house. Our meeting was no more disturbed, the justice remaining in the house until the end, but taking no part in the service. On leaving he said that, although he would not suffer a pack of low rascals to molest an honest neighbour, he thought Farrant a fool for his pains in bringing them about his doors. When, as we departed, the mob got wind that the justice had left, they again set on us. Shaking myself free from them that had seized me, I ran for my life, and at first outstripped my pursuers; but, entering a narrow lane, my foot struck against a stone, and I fell prone, my pursuers pouncing upon me. Nevertheless, I was graciously preserved from the fear of man. That comforting Scripture was whispered in my ear, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise." Raising me, the more conveniently to search my pockets, the robbers, for such, 'tis plain, were these rioters—set me against a fence, where they took from me my hat, my watch, and a little loose money which I had about me, but, pressing on me too fiercely, and the wall being of dry stone, they drove it down, and with much clatter we all lay sprawling in the dark. Making no outcry, nay, holding my breath, I rolled out of the reach of mine assailants, and then rising sped my way across the fields, reaching home, praise be to God, unscathed, save for dirt, and a few scratches, and the aforesaid losses.

Wed. 25.—"The Lord is known by the judgment which He executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of His own hand. Higgaion. Selah." The unhappy man who yesterday se'nnight stirred up the baser sort against our brethren, and hath ever since discharged himself from Mr. Farrant's service, and roamed the country from alehouse to alehouse, maddening himself with drink, did again last night gather a mob to disturb the meeting at the farm; but stumbling, as he came on shouting in his fury, he

fell with his neck upon a bare scythe, which nigh cut off his head, and so he died in his blood and his sins. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Fri. May 11.—I thank the Lord for His goodness in giving me journeying mercies and bringing me back safe to my own home, which He hath kept during my absence under the shadow of His wings. I was greeted on my return with much affection, and not by my little ones alone, but by their mother and my elder children. Now that they see they are not like to starve through my open confession of the Lord Jesus—nay, that, though after so short acquaintance, Mr. Saunders putteth matters of trust into my hands, their old respect for me hath begun to return O Lord, make them willing to give up all to gain the pearl of great price, and grant that I may not have received seed among thorns!

I have been riding in Glo'stershire and Wilts, collecting moneys for my master. Mr. Saunders talks as though he would have me believe him in pressing need of cash, forgetting I can discover from the books 'tis no such thing, but that he would have me stern in my demeanour towards his poor debtors, when they plead for time. With the dishonest I must needs be round in my dealing, for I will be no unfaithful steward suffering my master to be defrauded of his due; but when a widow saith unto him, Have patience with me and I will pay thee all, sure, as a Christian man, he should not be so ready to threaten gaol. 'Tis a dead fly that may cause the ointment of his profession to send forth a stinking savour.

At Glo'ster I lay at the Bell, kept by the brother of the famous Mr. George Whitefield, who, 'tis said, was born there. They have a picture of him at the inn, and from it I should judge that the innkeeper favoureth his brother in countenance, save that he hath not his squint. Mrs. Whitefield is a very comely woman. She courteously invited me to take a dish of tea with her, and from her deportment I had hopes that she had cast in her lot with the people of the Lord. But I soon found that although she had once, moved by the words of the evangelist, her brother-in-law, set out for the Wicket Gate, yet had she, under the influence of her husband, who is but a Worldly-Wiseman, turned aside for the village of Morality, and was very contentedly living therein; being the more secure, inasmuch as, 'tis said, she is a

woman of spotless life. Nevertheless, she hath still great reverence for Mr. Whitefield. Our talk turning on Mr. John Wesley, she said that she was sure that he could not be a good man, or Brother George (as she calleth the preacher) would not have broken with him. 'Tis sad that they whose souls were knit together in love like those of Jonathan and David, and who have laboured as brethren to bring our English heathen as well as them of the Plantations to a knowledge of the truth, should be sundered. If there be envy, methinks 'tis not in Mr. Wesley's bosom. Mr. Saunders tells me that he would fain be reconciled. Nevertheless, he cannot but look on Mr. Whitefield as an own familiar friend in whom he trusted, but which hath lifted up the heel against him.

Last Tuesday morning as I stood in the inn-yard, one came in and said "Mr. Wesley hath come suddenly to town, and we have prevailed on him to preach." So I gladly went with the good man, and in a house full of people Mr. Wesley opened unto us that scripture: "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away." After the service I spake with him, and on reference to my letter, I discovered that he remembered all my circumstances, which is marvellous, considering the number of his correspondents. He told me that he had made mine a case of special prayer, and gave me good hope of the conversion of my wife and children.

Sun. 13.—Having heard from Mr. Wesley that on board ship he left off the use of flesh and wine, and confined himself to vegetable food, chiefly rice and biscuit, and that without detriment to the body, and with much edification, I had resolved to begin to-day to essay a like diet; but in my honour, Sunday now being the only day on which I dine at home, my wife had provided fat ducklings of her own rearing, brought from our old home, staying at home from church to roast them. Now, though she lost nothing in the sermon, nay, rather, 'twas a gain to have escaped it, and the parson maketh but a gabble of the prayers, yet was I sorry when I returned and found that she had tarried for such a purpose. Nevertheless, as she had done it, as she thought, for my pleasure, I knew not what to say, and for the same reason I partook of the ducks. Amity being restored between us, I would not lightly anger her, and doubtless she would have looked upon it as a slight had I refused

to taste the dish to which she had given much care for the special humouring of my palate. Nay, the smell being savoury, I fear I needed but little tempting. I must crucify the flesh, and the lusts thereof. Sure, at the least, we might always have a cold dinner on the Sabbath. A stir in the kitchen untunes the soul for meditation on divine things.

The evening being so exceeding calm, that even the poplar leaves scarce wagged, I sat in the summer-house for awhile with my little Sue and Jack, and read to them in the *Pilgrim's Progress,* which they must near know by heart, and yet are never weary of hearing read, or spelling out between them. May the Lord make it profitable to their souls! although as yet I fear they love it but as an idle tale of ghosts and giants. Jack would have the fight with Apollyon and Greatheart, but Susan loveth not fighting. This evening I read to her of the green valley of Humiliation beautiful with lilies, and of the boy who sang as he fed his father's sheep, and had the herb called heart's ease in his breast. O Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast given it unto me. We sat out until the flowers closed, and the birds, as my little Susan saith, had said their prayers and gone to bed, and methought there had not been a happier man in Britain if my beloved ones were but walking in the path that leads to Zion. I poured out my heart in supplication for them at evening worship, and I must wrestle in prayer for them in secret before I retire to rest. 'Tis faith I lack. O could I cry, like him who was called the Prince of God, because he had power with God and had prevailed, "I will not let Thee go, unless Thou bless them!" Lord, teach me how to pray!

BONDAGE.

WEEP not for him who dieth,
For he sleeps and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast.
But weep for him who weareth
The collar and the chain;
To the agony *he* beareth
Death adds but little pain.

GREAT REFORMERS.

ULRICH ZWINGLE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE Reformation in Europe was a simultaneous movement in many lands for which the age was fully ripe. The stirring of thought produced by the spread of learning, through the invention of printing and the revived study of the Sacred Scriptures, led to religious inquiry, and loosened from the minds of earnest thinkers the bonds of superstition. Among the mountains of Switzerland, where freedom ever had her home, were many lovers of religious liberty and many leaders of reform. But towering above them all, like the snowy Jungfrau above the Bernese Alps, shines afar the majestic character of Ulrich Zwingle. On New Year's Day, 1484, seven weeks after the birth of Luther, in a lonely châlet overlooking Lake Zurich, lying far below, the future Swiss Reformer saw the light. His boyhood was spent as a goat herd amid the mountain solitudes. "I have often thought," writes his friend Myconius, "that being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he then contracted something heavenly and divine." In the long nights of winter, while the storm howled aloof, the boy listened with thrilling pulse to the stirring tale of Tell and Furst and Winkelried, and to the Scripture stories and quaint legends of his pious grandmother. As his father was the well-to-do amman or bailiff of the parish, young Zwingle was sent to school successively to Basle and Berne, and to the University of Vienna. He studied literature, philosophy and theology, and developed an extraordinary talent for music. He read his first mass in his native village in his twenty-second year.

The Swiss cantons then, as often since, hired their sturdy peasantry as mercenary soldiers to the great powers of Europe. Twice, Zwingle accompanied, as chaplain, the troops of his native canton to the Italian war. He came back, like Luther, disgusted with the idleness and profligacy of the Italian monks, and with the corruptions of the Italian Church. By tongue and pen he remonstrated with his countrymen against the mercenary shedding of their blood for a foreign power, and sought to re-

vive the ancient spirit of liberty. He devoted himself with intense zeal to the study of the Scriptures in their original tongues, which quickly loosened from his mind the fetters of Rome.

In 1516 Zwingle was transferred to the vicarship of Einsiedeln, on Lake Zurich, long the richest and most frequented pilgrimage church of Europe. As many as 150,000 pilgrims were wont to visit it annually. The object of adoration was an ugly black doll, dressed in gold brocade and glittering with jewels—Our Lady of Einsiedeln. An inscription at the sacred shrine offered the full forgiveness of all sins—plena remissio peccatorum a culpâ et a pœnâ. Zwingle's whole soul revolted against the flagrant idolatry. He boldly preached Christ as the only sacrifice and ransom for sin. "Can unprofitable works," he asked from the pulpit, "can long pilgrimages, offerings, images, the invocation of the Virgin or of the Saints, secure for you the grace of God? What efficacy has a glossy cowl, a smooth-shorn head, a long and flowing robe? God is all around you and hears you, wherever you are, as well as at Our Lady of Einsiedeln's. Christ *alone* saves, and He saves *everywhere.*"

This new and strange doctrine smote the hearts of the people like a revelation from the sky. The pilgrims went everywhere telling the strange news. "Whole bands," says D'Aubigné, "turned back without completing the pilgrimage. Mary's worshippers diminished in numbers daily. It was their offerings that largely made up the stipend of Zwingle, but he felt happy in becoming poor if he could make others rich in the truth that maketh free." To the Pope's nuncio, who called him to account, he said: "With the help of God, I will go on preaching the Gospel, and this preaching shall make Rome totter." And so it did. The civil governor caused the inscription to be removed from the lintel of the church, the relics which the pilgrims revered were burned, and the new doctrines prevailed.

In 1518 the Cathedral Church of Zurich became vacant, and Zwingle was elected preacher. On New Year's Day he entered the pulpit, from which as from a throne he thenceforth ruled the souls of men. "To Christ," he cried, "to Christ will I lead you —the true source of salvation. His Word is the only food I wish to set before your souls." He began forthwith to expound the Gospels and Epistles—long a sealed book to the people. Like another Baptist, he boldly preached repentance and remis-

sion of sins—denouncing the luxury, intemperance and vice of the times. "He spared no one," says Myconius; "neither pope, emperor, kings, dukes, princes, lords. All his trust was in God, and he exhorted the whole city to trust solely in Him." On market days he had a special service for the benefit of the neighbouring peasants, who on that day thronged to the city. "The life of Christ," he said, "has too long been hidden from the people," and he sought by every means to make it known. With his zeal for the Gospel was blended a fervid love of fatherland. Piety and patriotism were the twin passions of his soul. He sternly rebuked those who for the love of money lent themselves as the hireling soldiers of foreign Powers—thus, as he called it, "selling their very flesh and blood." "The cardinal of Zion," he said, "who recruits for the pope, rightly wears a red hat and cloak; you need only to wring them and you behold the blood of your kinsmen."

At Zurich, Zwingle was brought into direct antagonism with the papal power. Over the wild St. Gothard Pass had come from Rome an indulgence-monger of even more flagrant impudence than Tetzel. "Here," cried Abbot Samson, "are pardons on parchment for a crown—on paper for threepence." He bargained with the Knight Jacques de Stien to exempt from hell forever himself and his five hundred men-at-arms, for a dapple-gray horse to which he took a fancy. Walking in procession with his acolytes around the churchyard, he pretended to see the souls of the departed escaping from the graves to heaven, and exclaimed, "*Ecce volant,*"—"See how they fly!" A wag climbed the belfry tower and shook a bag of feathers on the procession, crying in derision "See how they fly!" Zwingle sternly denounced such impious mockery of religion, and forbade the pope's indulgence-monger to enter Zurich.

The zealous labours of the Swiss Reformer wore upon his health, and he was ordered to repair to the baths of Pfeffers. Here, in a frightful gorge between impending rocks, in a house shaken by the concussion of the raging torrent and drenched by its spray, and so dark that lamps had to be burned at midday, for some weeks he dwelt. The fearful plague known as the Great Death —der Grosse Tod—now broke out in Zurich, more than decimating the population. Zwingle hasted from his refuge to the place of danger among the dying and the dead. He was soon

smitten down, and never expected to rise again. In that solemn hour he wrote in rugged verse a hymn of faith and trust:

> "Lo, at the door, I hear Death's knock;
> Shield me, O Lord, my strength and rock;
> The hand once nailed upon the tree,
> Jesus uplift and shelter me."

He was at length restored to the pulpit of Zurich, and preached with greater power than ever. "There was a report," wrote his friend, Myconius "that you could not be heard three paces off. But all Switzerland rings with your voice." The Reformed doctrines spread from town to town. At Basle, on the festival of Corpus Christi, instead of the relics it was customary to bear through the streets, was borne a Bible with the inscription: "This is the true relic; all others are but dead men's bones." Attempts were made by the agents of the papacy to take away the Reformer's life by poison, or by the assassin's dagger. When warned of his peril, the intrepid soul replied: "Through the help of God, I fear them no more than a lofty rock fears the roaring waves." The town council placed a guard around his house every night.

Zwingle asked for a conference at which his enemies might publicly bring their charges against his life or doctrine. He appeared in the great council hall with his Bible in his hand. "I have preached that salvation is found in Jesus Christ alone," he said, "and for this I am denounced as a heretic, a seducer of the people, a rebel. Now, then, in the name of God, here I stand." But his enemies, while secretly plotting against his life, dared not openly confront him. "This famous sword will not leave its sheath to-day," said the burgomaster, as he broke up the assembly.

Like Luther, the Swiss Reformer perceived that the enforced celibacy of the clergy was a yoke which the Scriptures had not imposed, and one which caused unspiritual natures to fall into sin. He therefore wrote against the Romish rule, and showed his consistency by marrying a worthy widow, Anna Reinhardt, who made him a noble and loving wife.

A fashion of the time was the holding of public disputations on the topics of controversy between the Reformed and Romish Churches. A celebrated one, which lasted eighteen days, took

place between Eck and Faber, champions of the Papacy and the Reformers, Œcolampadius and Zwingle. A contemporary rhymer thus describes the scene:

> "Eck stamps with his feet and thumps with his hands;
> He blusters, he swears, and he scolds;
> Whatever the pope and the cardinals teach,
> Is the faith, he declares, that he holds."

But the simple truth of the Gospel shone all the more conspicuously by contrast with the sophistries and superstitions of Rome.

Even in the ranks of the Reformed arose differences of doctrinal opinion. We have referred in a previous paper to the disputation between Zwingle and Luther, at Marburg, on the subject of the Lord's Supper. Luther, in accordance with his impetuous character, had spoken violently and warmly; Zwingle replied calmly and coolly. The public disputation, as is the general result of such logomachies, left them both unconvinced, unreconciled. At the close, Zwingle dissolved in tears, exclaimed, "Let us confess our union in all things in which we agree; and as for the rest, let us remember that we are brothers." But the sturdy and headstrong Saxon monk would bate no jot of his convictions of right, and the breach between the two great Reformers was never fully healed. So great anger can dwell in even celestial minds.

"I came not," says Christ, "to send peace on the earth, but a sword." The doctrines of the Cross in the early centuries arrayed mankind into hostile camps—the friends of Christianity and its foes. So was it during the Reformation era. All Europe was marshalled into two great armies—the adherents of the Romish Church and those who embraced the soul-emanating doctrines of the Reformed faith. In Switzerland the hostile lines were sharply defined; canton was opposed to canton, city to city. The Protestant free cities demanded religious toleration and the right of return for those who had been banished for conscience' sake. The Catholic cantons refused this demand, and a Reformed minister was apprehended and burned. At Berne and Basle tumults broke out, and the images of the saints were hurled from their niches and trampled under foot. Men-at-arms buckled on their hauberks and helmets, seized lance and arquebuse, and

through mountain passes and forest defiles marched for the attack or defence of the Reformed faith.

"Luther and the German Reformation," writes D'Aubigné, "declining the aid of the temporal power, rejecting the force of arms, and looking for victory only in the confession of the truth, were destined to see their faith crowned with the most brilliant success. Zwingle and the Swiss Reformation, stretching out their hands to the mighty ones of the earth, and grasping the sword, were fated to witness a horrible, cruel, and bloody catastrophe fall upon the Word of God." The army of the Catholic cantons advanced against Zurich. The Zurich lansquenets marched out for the defence of their native city. "Stay with the council," said the burgomaster to Zwingle; "we have need of you." "No," he replied, "when my brethren expose their lives I will not remain quietly by my fireside." Then taking his glittering halberd, which he had carried at the battle of Marignan, he rode off with the troops. Every day divine service was held in the camp. No dice, no cards were seen, no oaths were heard; but psalms and hymns and prayers consecrated each hour. The war was for a time postponed and an armed truce prevailed.

The Catholic cantons, without warning, renewed the war. Their attack upon Zurich was like the deadly and resistless sweep of one of their own mountain avalanches. Not till the papal army held the heights near the city was their approach known. It was a night of terror in Zurich. The scene is thus described in the vivid pages of D'Aubigné: "The thick darkness —a violent storm—the alarum bell ringing from every steeple —the people rushing to arms—the noise of swords and guns—the sound of trumpets and drums, combined with the roaring of the tempest—the sobs of women and children—the cries which accompanied many a heart-rending adieu—an earthquake which violently shook the mountains as though nature shuddered at the impending ocean of blood: all increased the terrors of this fatal night—a night to be followed by a still more fatal day." At break of dawn, October 11, 1531, the banner of the city was flung forth, but—sinister omen—instead of floating proudly on the breeze, it hung listless on the pulseless air. Forth from his happy home stepped Zwingle, clad in arms. After a fond embrace from his wife and children, he rode forth with the citizen soldiery of the town. The brave-souled woman kept back her tears, although

her husband, brother, son and many kinsmen were in the ranks —destined to return no more. Zwingle went forth with a presentiment of disaster; yet not for a moment did he falter in what he considered the path of duty. "Our cause," he said to his friends, "is a righteous one, but badly defended. It will cost me my life, and the life of many an upright man who wishes to restore to religion its native purity, and to his country its ancient morals. But God will not forsake His servants: He will help even when you believe all is lost. My confidence is in Him alone. I submit myself to His will."

As the forlorn hope climbed the Albis mountain to its crest, they beheld the hostile army, 8,000 veteran men-at-arms, strongly encamped, and heard the fierce challenge of their mountain horns. Against this host the little Protestant republic could oppose in all scarce 1,800 men. It was with the utmost difficulty that the rude artillery of the period was dragged up the rough mountain road, and the arduous climb exhausted the strength of the mail-clad men-at-arms. When the Protestant troops at length gained the upland meadows, every head was uncovered, every knee was bowed in prayer. The Catholic army also fell upon their knees, and amid solemn silence each man crossed himself and repeated five Paters, as many Aves, and the Credo. Then their leader, desecrating the words of religion to a cruel war-cry, exclaimed: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, and of all the heavenly host—fire!" and volley upon volley flashed from the levelled arquebuses and echoed back from the surrounding mountains. "How can we stay calmly upon these heights," exclaimed Zwingle, "while our brethren are shot down? In the name of God, I will die with them or aid in their deliverance." "Soldiers," cried the leader, "uphold the honour of God and of our lords; be brave, like brave men." "Warriors," said Zwingle, who stood helmet on head and halberd in hand, "fear nothing. If we are this day to be defeated, still our cause is good. Commend yourselves to God."

The action had scarcely begun when Zwingle, stooping to console a dying man, was smitten by a missile which struck his head and closed his lips. He struggled to his feet, but was twice struck down and received a thrust from a lance. Falling upon his knees he was heard to say, "What matters this misfortune! They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill

the soul." These were his last words. As he uttered them he fell backwards and lay upon the ground, his hands clasped, his eyes upturned to heaven. Crushed beneath the weight of numbers, the little band of Protestants, after performing deeds of heroic valour, and leaving 500 men dead upon the field, was utterly defeated. Twenty-seven members of the council and twenty-five Protestant pastors who accompanied their flocks to the field of battle were among the slain.

The darkness of night was now gathering on the field of battle. In the deepening gloom, stragglers of the Catholic army prowled with torches or lanterns over the field of carnage, to slay the wounded and to rob the dead. "What has your heretical faith done for you?" they jeeringly demanded of the conquered Protestants. "We have dragged your Gospel through the mire. The Virgin and the saints have punished you. Call upon the saints and confess to our priests—the mass or death."

The dying Reformer lay upon the gory field, hearing the groans of the wounded and the shouts of the victors, and surrounded by the mangled bodies of the dead. Beyond the moonlight and the starlight he looked up into that heaven whither, all life's battles and fightings over, he was soon to pass. "Do you wish a priest to confess you?" asked a soldier prowling near. Zwingle could not speak, but shook his head. "Think at least of the Mother of God and call upon the saints," said the man. Protesting against the errors of Rome even in his latest hour, the dying Reformer again expressed his emphatic dissent. Hereupon the rough trooper began to curse him as a miscreant heretic. Curious to know who it was who thus despised the saints, though in the very article of death, he turned the gory head to the light of a neighbouring camp fire. "I think it is Zwingle," he exclaimed, letting it fall. "Zwingle," cried a papal captain, "that vile heretic! Die, obstinate wretch!" and with his impious sword he smote him on the throat. Thus died the leader of the Swiss Reformation, in darkness and defeat, by the hand of a hireling soldier.

But still further indignities were heaped upon his mangled frame. The ruthless soldiery demanded that his body should be dismembered and distributed throughout the papal cantons. "Nay," cried a generous captain, "peace be to the dead. God alone be their Judge. Zwingle was a brave and loyal man." But the cruel will of the mob prevailed. The drums

beat to muster, a court-martial was formed, the dead body was tried and condemned to be quartered for treason, and burned for heresy. "The executioner of Lucerne," writes D'Aubigné, "carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his; and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven."

The kindled fire of the Swiss Reformation seemed extinguished in blood. Zurich on that night of horrors became a Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not. As the wounded fugitives, escaping through the darkness, brought the tidings of disaster, the tocsin of alarum knelled forth, and tears and lamentations resounded through the streets. Almost every household mourned a husband, brother, son, among the slain. Anna Zwingle had lost all three, and her son-in-law, her brother-in-law, and other kinsmen besides. As the fatal news "Zwingle is dead! is dead!" rang through the streets and pierced like a sword her heart, she knelt amid her fatherless babes in her chamber of prayer and poured out her agonized soul to God.

The city in the hour of its deepest despair was roused to heroic effort. It rallied every available man and gun. The imminent danger of the capture of the city was averted, and another battle with the army of the papal cantons was fought. The latter made a night attack, the soldiers wearing white shirts over their armour and shouting their watchword—"the Mother of God"—that they might recognize each other in the dark. The men of Zurich were again beaten, and 800 of their number left upon the field. But they proved too stubborn a foe to be completely conquered. Zurich maintained the Protestant faith; and from the pulpit in which it was first preached by Zwingle, it has ever since been manfully declared. On the neighbouring battle-field a grey stone slab commemorates the spot where the Swiss Reformer fell; but his truest monument is the Protestant Church of his native land, of which he was, under God, the father and founder.

Zwingle died at what may seem the untimely age of forty-eight; but measured by results his life was long. He was not a disciple of Luther, but an independent discoverer of the truth. "It was not from Luther," he said, "that I received the doctrine

of Christ, but from God's Word. I understood Greek before I ever heard of Luther." The great mistake of his life was his consent to the use of carnal weapons for the defence of the Bride of Heaven, the Church of Christ. But in extenuation of this grievous fault—and grievously he answered for it—it has been pleaded that he believed that the fatherland belonged to Christ and His Church, and must be defended for their sake: and that Switzerland could only give herself to Christ so far and so long as she was free. Wiser than he, Martin Luther over and over declared: "Christians fight not with the sword and arquebuse, but with suffering and with the cross. Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "My kingdom is not of this world," said the Master, "else would my servants fight." Not with weapons forged by mortal might, but by weapons of immortal temper—the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God—shall earth's grandest victories be gained.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.*

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart and painful strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

—*F. R. Havergal.*

* This hymn will be No. 437 in the new Hymn Book of the Methodist Church of Canada.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER IX.—A LIFE DRAMA.

THE mutual helpfulness that prevailed among the early settlers of Upper Canada threw into intimate contact, and placed under mutual obligation, the new comers, both Quaker and Cavalier, and the Heck family. On the narrow stage of this backwoods scene was played by these humble actors the grand drama of human life; nor were there wanting any of the elements which give it dignity and sublimity. There were the deep immortal yearnings of the soul for a fairer and loftier ideal than this world offers, the hungry cravings of the heart for affection and sympathy, the aspiration of the spirit for a higher and holier life. Beneath the prosaic surface of Canadian rural toil there were for the young hearts awaking to self-consciousness amid their forest surroundings a rich mine of poetry and romance. Nature in her varied moods and with her myriad voices spoke her secrets to their souls. The gladsome coming of the spring kindled joyous pulses in their frames. The rich luxuriance of the summertide was a constant psalm of praise. The sad suggestions of the autumn, with its wailing winds and weeping skies and falling leaves, lent a pensiveness to their spirits. And when the deep snows of winter clothed the world "with ermine too dear for an earl," their hearty out-of-door life and cheerful home joys bade defiance to the icy reign of the Frost King. To gentler natures the deep shadows of the lonely forest aisles, the quiet beauty of the forest flowers, the solemn sunsets on the shining river, and the mysterious whisperings of the night winds among the needles of the pine, so like the murmuring of the distant sea, were a perpetual and deep delight.

Such a nature was that of the fair Katharine Heck, the youngest child of Paul and Barbara, now a blooming maiden in her later teens, who inherited her mother's early beauty and mental acuteness and her father's placid and contemplative disposition. The loveliness of character and person of the young

girl made a profound impression on the susceptible southern temperament of Reginald Pemberton, a younger son of the gallant colonel. The alert mind of Barbara Heck observed with a mother's solicitude the unconscious attachment springing up between these young hearts, and read their secret before the principals were aware of it themselves. While Reginald was a youth of noble spirit and manly, generous character, still he was ignorant of the great regenerating change which the pious Methodist mother regarded as the prime essential—the "one thing needful"—to secure his own and her daughter's happiness. Moreover, he belonged to a proud and aristocratic family, who were in their social standing and their ideas emphatically "people of the world;" and how could those who felt themselves the "heirs of the kingdom," smile on such a worldly alliance? Moreover, she was as proud in her way as any Pemberton living, and would not brook that union with a child of hers should be considered a misalliance by the bluest blood in the realm.

Much troubled with these thoughts, the devout Barbara thus communed one day with goodman Paul:

"Have you not observed, Paul, that young Pemberton is vastly more attentive to Katharine than is good for either of them?"

"No, I can't say that I have," replied Paul with a look of surprised inquiry. "Have you?"

"To be sure I have," rejoined the anxious matron; "he is mooning around here half the time."

"Is he? How do you know he does not come to see the boys?"

"Come to see the boys, indeed! And is it to the boys he brings the bouquets of wild flowers and baskets of butternuts? And was it for the boys he tamed the raccoon that he gave to Kate?"

"Well, where's the harm? Kate is only a child yet."

"Only a child! she is near nineteen."

"Is she? Dear me, so she is. It seems only a little while since she was a baby."

'The boy is so shy, that he scarcely ever speaks to her; but he is as content to sit dumb in her presence as a cat is to bask in the sun."

"Humph! I know somebody who used to be quite content to

sit dumb in yours. Well, mother, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Do about it? That's what I don't know. Can't you tell him not to come so often, or something?"

"Fie, Barbara! Do you think I would be guilty of such a breach of hospitality? Leave the young folks alone. You will only be putting nonsense into their heads if you do anything at all. Katie is a good girl. You can trust her innocent heart. She loves her old father yet better than any other man, I'se warrant."

So the matter dropped for the time, although Barbara mentally resolved to warn Katharine not to let her affections become entangled.

That evening, in the golden glow of sunset, Katharine Heck was spinning in the ample "living room" of the large and rambling house. The amber-coloured light flashed back from the well-scoured tins and burnished brass kettles and candlesticks on the dresser, and tinged with bronze her glossy hair. And a very pretty picture she made, clad in her simple calico gown, as she walked gracefully back and forth from her wheel, now giving it a swift whirl and then stepping back as she dexterously drew out the yarn from the fleecy rolls of wool. Evidently young Pemberton was of the same opinion, as he stood for a moment at the open door holding in his hand a string of beautiful speckled trout—fresh from a sparkling stream near by.

"Good evening, Mistress Kate," he said after a pause. "I've brought a few fish for your mother, that I have just caught in Braeside Burn."

"O, thanks; how pretty they are! mother will be so much obliged," said the maiden, taking the string of fish.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the young man. "I'm sometimes afraid I've offended your mother. I don't know how, unless she thinks I am idle, I'm so fond of my rod and gun. I learned that in old Virginia, and can't easily unlearn it."

"She won't object to your sport to-day at any rate," said Kate with a laugh, "for mother can fry trout better than any one in the world. You must stay and have some;" and she took the fish into the summer kitchen.

"And now," she said as she came back, "if you have been

idle, you must make amends by being useful. I have been wanting some one to hold my yarn while I wind it."

"I am so awkward, I am afraid I'll tangle it; but I'll do my best," said the blushing boy as he stretched out his hands to receive the skein.

True to his fears, he soon did tangle it, letting several threads off at once; and as Kate deftly disentangled the skein, he thought her the loveliest being that poet's fancy ever conceived.

At this juncture the matronly Barbara entered the room to thank their visitor for his present. The self-conscious youth fancied—or was it fancy?—that he observed a severer expression than usual in her eye, though her words of thanks were exceedingly polite.

"I am playing the part of Hercules with Omphale," said the stalwart youth, who had acquired a tincture of classic lore at the grammar school at Annapolis, in Virginia, "but I can succeed better at my own work of holding the plough or wielding my fishing rod."

"The former of these employments is the more profitable in a new country like this," said Barbara, with emphasis; "although the trout are not to be despised," she continued, relaxing into a smile, "and you must stay and have some."

About the homely farm and household duties of the youth and maid, Love wove its sweet romance, and the older hearts, remembering the fond emotions of their youth, could not chill with censorious words their budding and innocent affection.

A favourite amusement of the young people in the long summer twilights, when the after-glow of sunset was reflected from the shining reaches of the river, like a sea of glass mingled with fire, and when the great white harvest-moon clomb like a wan spectre up the eastern sky, was to sail or row upon the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence; and often they would beguile the delicious hours with such song and music as their somewhat primitive tastes had acquired. On such occasions young Hannah and Reuben Whiteside often joined the party, finding in its innocent mirth a relief from the somewhat pallid quietism of their home life. One lovely August evening, Paul and Barbara Heck were making a friendly call on the hospitable Whiteside family at the Quaker Settlement. As they sat in

the soft and silver moonlight on the broad "stoop" of the low-walled, broad-eaved log-house, the sound of sweet strains of music, wafted over the water, stole upon their ears. In the hush of twilight, when even the whip-poor-will's plaintive cry was at intervals distinctly heard, floated soft and clear, in the rich tenor voice of Reginald Pemberton, the notes of the sweet Scottish song:

"Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
For 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true;
Gave me her promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
But for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die."

More charmed than she liked to confess, Barbara Heck, in whose soul was a rich though seldom-touched vein of poetry, listened to the simple strain.

"It's a worldly song," she said at length, "but the music is very sweet. Pity that such gifts were not employed in singing the praise of their Giver."

After a pause the sweet and pure contralto voice of Katharine Heck trilled forth the words of her favourite hymn—omitted in later editions of the hymn-book, which was the only volume of poetry she had ever seen—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Then every voice joined in the triumphant chorus, which came swelling in a pæan of praise over the waves:

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The tears stood in Hannah Whiteside's soft brown eyes as she said with a sigh, in which the long repression of her emotional nature found vent:

"Why should we not have such holy hymns in our worship, Jonas?"

"Nay, dear heart, it needs not," answered the patriarch.

"When we listen to the Spirit's inner voice, it is meet that we commune with our own hearts and be still."

"But still the deepest feelings of our souls, their adoration and their love, crave for expression in sacred song. And God's servants of old time praised Him in His holy temple with psaltery and harp."

"But that was in the carnal dispensation of form and ceremony. We who live in the later dispensation of the Spirit must serve God in spirit and in truth, making melody in our hearts unto the Lord."

"But you don't think the singing of hymns wrong, do you?" asked Paul Heck.

"We judge no man," replied the God-fearing Quaker. "To his own master he standeth or falleth. We must follow the guidance of the Inner Light."

"Perhaps we deem as erringly," said Barbara, as she walked home through the moonlight with her husband, "in condemning as worldly such songs as so deeply touch our deeper and nobler nature, as Friend Whiteside does in condemning our psalms and hymns."

CHAPTER X.—THE PIONEER PREACHER.

The little forest community was soon to be stirred by a deep religious impulse, the results of which only the great day shall declare. At the close of a sultry day in the midsummer of 1790 there rode into the Heck Settlement a man of somewhat notable appearance. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, of tall and well-knit figure, save that one arm seemed quite shrivelled or paralyzed. Nevertheless, he was a fearless horseman, riding at a gallop through the root-entangled forest paths, and boldly leaping his horse across the pools made by the recent rains. He wore a coarse felt hat, home-spun snuff-coloured coat, to which a somewhat clerical air was given by a strait collar and cut-away skirts, and leathern leggings. Behind him were the inevitable saddle-bags and his coarse frieze coat. Riding up to the house of Paul Heck, without dismounting, he knocked with his riding whip on one of the posts of the "stoop."

"I am a Methodist preacher," he said; "can I preach here to-morrow?"—for it was Saturday evening.

"Fain and glad will we be to have you," said Paul Heck, as he came forward.

"Can I have lodging and provender for myself and horse?" continued the preacher.

"Ay, and welcome. Get you down," said Paul, extending his hand in friendly greeting.

"Tell me first, will you warn the neighbours of the preaching? If not, I will do so myself before I dismount, although I have had a long ride to-day."

"Ay, will we; far and near. Here, Barbara, is a Methodist preacher," Paul called to his good wife within the house.

"We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord," said that hospitable matron, using the language of the Prayer Book, with which she had long been familiar. "Thank God, I live to see the day," she went on. "We are Methodists, too, and we have pined and hungered for the preaching of the Word as the hungry long for food."

"Bless the Lord," said the preacher, "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. I knew not that there was a Methodist in Canada, and here, the very day I enter the country, I find some."

"Ay, and you'll find a-many more scattered up and down, and fain and glad they'll be to see you," said Paul, using his customary formula of welcome.

While the new preacher, whose name they learned was William Losee, the pioneer of the goodly band of Methodist itinerants who now range the country, was doing ample justice to the generous meal set before him—for he had ridden forty miles that day—Jabez Heck, Paul's son, proceeded to "warn" the neighbours near and far of the preaching at his father's house next day.

The great "living room" and adjoining kitchen were both filled, and on Sunday morning the preacher stood in the doorway between the two, with a chair before him to support his Bible and hymn-book. Having announced his text, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," he closed his book, and delivered, not an exposition, but a fervent

exhortation, mingled on the part of both speaker and hearers with strong crying and tears. The class-meeting, in which the Hecks, Lawrences, Samuel Embury, and others who now for the first time met, was held, and was a Bethel of delight. The afternoon and evening congregations were so large that the preaching had to be held in the large barn. By night the fame of the preacher had spread far and wide, and, moved by devotion, by curiosity, or by a desire to scoff and scorn, the whole neighbourhood was present. Of the latter class was a wild and reckless young man, Joe Brouse by name, who, standing near the door, was attempting to turn into mockery and derision the solemnities of Divine worship. Aroused to holy indignation by this sacrilege, Losee lifted his eyes and hands to heaven, and cried out like one of the Hebrew prophets, "Smite him, my God! My God, smite him!" "He fell like a bullock under the stroke of the butcher's axe," writes the historian of the scene, "and writhed on the floor in agony, until the Lord in mercy set his soul at liberty."* The emotion of that rustic congregation became uncontrollable. Sighs and groans and tears were heard on every side. Preaching was impossible, and Losee and the members of the little Methodist class gave themselves to prayer, to counselling the seekers after salvation, and to the singing of hymns, which had a strangely tranquillizing effect upon the congregation.

Early the next morning Losee was on his way to the Bay of Quinté and Niagara Settlements, leaving an appointment for that day four weeks. Such was the aggressive mode of Gospel warfare of the pioneer itinerant.

There was much difference of sentiment in the little community as to the services of the day. The Methodists were greatly refreshed in spirit, and Barbara Heck declared that it was "a day of the Son of man and of power." Jonas Whiteside refrained from criticism, further than to say that "God was not in the earthquake, nor in the thunder, but in the still small voice." Soft-voiced Hannah Whiteside shrank within herself as from something which jarred painfully upon her sensitive spirit. Colonel Pemberton quite lost his politeness in his anger that his son Reginald, his hope and pride, through

* Dr. Carroll's "Case and His Contemporaries," vol. i. p. 8.

the ranting of a Methodist fanatic, should degrade himself by weeping for his sins and crying for pardon alongside of that reprobate, Joe Brouse. Mrs. Pemberton, a sincere and pious soul, trembled with joy at her son's conversion and fear at her husband's wrath. Mammy Dinah was in ecstasies of joy. Her "Hallelujahs" and "Bress de Lo'ds" were frequent and loud. "Dis is de ole kind o' 'ligion," she said to Aunt Chloe, "like we had in Ole Virginny." But Uncle Pompey shook his head doubtfully because it was a Methodist and not a Baptist preacher through whose ministrations the awakening took place. But Joe Brouse, out of the depths of his conscious experience, exclaimed, "Whether he be a ranting fanatic, I know not; but one thing I know, whereas I was blind now I see." And his strangely altered life and godly conversation were a demonstration of the new light that had fallen on his soul. For drunkenness and cursing he put on the garments of sobriety and praise; and none were more diligent in attending the Methodist class and prayer-meeting, or more zealous in good works.

SAINT THERESA TO OUR LORD.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

[From the French of a Sonnet by Sainte-Beuve.]

I DO not love thee for the joys, O Lord,
Which thou hast promised souls who love thee well;
I do not fear thee for the fires of Hell,
Which burn for those whose right to thy reward
Is lost by sin; but with the whole accord
Of mind and soul, and longing heart as well,
I love thee for the time when thou didst dwell
Scorned on the earth, mocked by a faithless horde.
Were there no Heaven, I would love thee still.
I love thee for thy cross, thy thorn-crowned head;
For thy sweet passion, Lord, I love thee best;
And though in firmest hope I wait thy will,
Compared with love my firmest hope is dead,
For, without hope, in love I'd trusting rest.

PERFECT LOVE—A PRESENT BLESSING.

BY REV. W. H. EVANS.

When may the soul be cleansed from all sin, and be filled with the perfect love of God? This is a question of infinite moment to all. One replies, not until death emancipates it from the body. Another says, not until it has passed through the purging fires of purgatory. Another replies, now. The first answer assumes that there is something so obstinate and ungovernable in our emotional nature that it is hopeless to expect the soul's purification while united with it. The other supposes that the action of fire can alone purify the spirit. As we have no faith in the first reply, representing, as it does, a notion of its old Pagan philosophy; nor in the second, being one of the corruptions of Romanism, we gratefully believe in the third. Provision has been made by the Lord Jesus for the present cleansing of the soul from all defilement, and for filling it with Divine love. The following considerations lead us to this conclusion:—

The conscious need of the justified. The act of forgiveness and work of regeneration are indeed glorious. The long list of sins are freely pardoned, and man is translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. But in a little while the justified one becomes conscious of the remains of sin within, the uprising of pride, of doubt, of anger, of fear, and an absence of *abiding* peace and rest in Jesus. Is there no deliverance from these? There is.

God's commands. These have to do with the present hour. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This great commandment not only covers all the future, but also all the present. If it be impossible to do what is here enjoined upon us, then how very strange that our infinitely wise Father in heaven should thus address us. If the duty of attaining to the perfect love of God rested on this command alone, we should be encouraged to seek it, as He does not require us to do what we cannot. His command implies a pledge that the needed grace will be given.

We find interspersed through the Scriptures exceeding great

and precious promises and statements bearing upon this matter. Let us select but one. "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect." (1 John iv. 16-18.) How descriptive of the experience of him who consecrates himself entirely to Christ!"

There are also in God's word inspired prayers embracing exclusively this beautiful subject. Some of the converts at Ephesus had been raised from the lowest depths of sin, yet St. Paul intercedes for them thus: "That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 16-19.) For the Thessalonian believers he prayed with equal fulness and earnestness—"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." (1 Thess. v. 23, 24.)

The possibility of obtaining this perfect love now, is corroborated by the experience and testimony of thousands of God's people. Said the sainted Thomas Collins, during his last illness, when his sister spoke to him about his long testimony before the Church of the bliss and duty of perfect love, "I got it; I kept it; I have it now, and it is in heaven." A few years ago the wife of a distinguished minister was lying ill. All was mist and uncertainty before her. She longed for the purity and peace promised in the holy word, but her husband had always preached a gradual growth in grace, and completeness in Christ only at the last moment of life, and she waited for that hour in dread uncertainty. "O that I could have complete deliverance from sin now, before that hour!" she exclaimed. "Why not now?' the Spirit suggested. She sent for her husband, and as he

entered her sick chamber, she anxiously inquired, "Can Christ save me from all sin?" "Yes, He's an Almighty Saviour, able to save to the uttermost." "When can He save me? You have often said that He saves from all sin at the dying moment. If He is *almighty*, don't you think He could save me a few minutes before death? It would take the sting of death away to know that I am saved." "Yes, I think He could." "Well, if He could save me a few minutes before death, don't you think it possible for Him to save a few hours or a day before death?" The husband bowed his assent. "But," she said with deep earnestness, "I may live a week or a month; do you think it is possible for God to save a soul from all sin so long before death?" "Yes; all things are possible with God," he answered with deep emotion. "Then kneel right down here and pray for me. I want this full salvation now, and if I live a month, I will live to praise God."

He knelt beside her bed and poured out his soul to God in prayer as he had never done before; and while he prayed the cleansing blood that makes whiter than snow was applied to her soul, and she was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She lived a month afterward to magnify the grace of God, and testify of the perfect love that casteth out all fear. And since that hour her husband has preached Christ as a present Saviour, able to save from all sin." ("Love Enthroned," pp. 65 and 66.)

Our grand hymnology agrees with all this. The transcription of two stanzas will suffice:

"Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.

"'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

Dear reader, if seeking the perfect love of God, expect and receive it *now.*—*The Wesleyan.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

A Woman's Missionary Society for Canada.

The establishment of a Woman's Auxiliary Methodist Missionary Society in the city of Hamilton will be followed, we trust, by the establishment of similar branches in all our towns, cities, and circuits. The time is fully ripe for such an organization. The missionary enterprise is one which has special claims upon the sympathy and assistance of Christian women. No one suffers so much through the degradation of heathenism as woman. By its grovelling superstitions she has been dragged down from her place of right as man's equal and his helpmeet, discrowned of her noblest honour as true regent of society, and treated either as the toy or as the slave of man. By the Christian religion she has been re-enthroned in her place of dignity, and re-invested with her potent influences to mould the age and to elevate the race. Women are ever foremost in every work of faith and labour of love. Many of them have ampler leisure for Christian effort than the busy toilers who carry on the world's manifold work. And in practical beneficence they will find relief from that vacuity and utter weariness which curses useless lives, and a deep delight that amply compensates for every effort made.

There are many ways in which women may help Christian missions. As the most indefatigable of collectors, and most successful of missionaries, they have already placed this good cause under very great obligations. These obligations they can deepen and increase. A more active co-operation in mission work will give point and interest to their devotional meetings, and will give energy and enterprise to their practical efforts. Woman's tact and woman's taste will find abundant exercise in the planning and carrying out of missionary bazaars; and both head and heart will be bettered by the holding of regular missionary meetings, and the study of missionary intelligence. All her Dorcas-like love and sympathy may find expression in the making or collecting and sending of clothing to the women and children of our Indian mission stations and mission schools.

Three subjects especially appeal for the sympathy and prayers and help of the women of our own Church. The first of these is the Girl's Home, opened by Mrs. Crosby, the wife of our heroic missionary at Fort Simpson, for the succour of Indian girls from the evil designs of wicked white men. Such a home has been found to be an absolute necessity to prevent the direst wrong and ruin of young lives, and wreck of immortal souls. The Presbyterian Mission at Alaska, which is really the outgrowth of our own at Fort Simpson, has already had for some time in operation a substantial and commodious Home for this very purpose. Mrs. Crosby, with the assistance of a few friends, has made a beginning, and has several girls in residence. But the work is growing on her hands and demands increased support; and what more Christ-like work can the women of our Churches find than the effort to succour and save their tried and tempted sisters, who are striving to escape from the bondage of heathenism to the liberty and salvation of Christian life?

Another most touching appeal is that for an orphanage for the children of the Plain Indians of the North-west, who have lost their natural protectors and providers by that fatal scourge of the red race, the small-pox, or by some other providence of God. The condition of these little ones amid the wandering life of their tribe, demands especially the sympathy of Christian mothers, whose love of their

own children makes them quick to feel the wants and woes of child-life everywhere. To gather these little Indian waifs into a Christian home, to save them from the demoralizing influence of a nomade life, and to train them up for God and heaven, was long the cherished purpose of our late martyr-missionary, the Rev. George McDougall. And it would surely add a deeper rapture to the joy of his beatified spirit in heaven to witness, if that might be, the fulfilment of that cherished design.

Then we have numerous Indian schools at our mission stations throughout the great North-west, which might be rendered more attractive and more efficient by donations of books and papers, and of these illuminated texts and mottoes which make so bright and beautiful the schools of our own land. The Missionary Society of our Church has done, and is doing, much for these schools, which owe to it their very existence; but it will gladly welcome the co-operation of the Women's Missionary Auxiliary.

The history of these societies in other lands is one of the most wonderful chapters in the story of Christian missions. That history has been written by the accomplished Mrs. L. H. Daggett, of Boston, a most energetic and successful missionary worker, and editor of *The Heathen Woman's Friend*, a most efficient missionary paper. In a letter to the writer, she kindly offers any assistance in her power in the formation of these societies. The first one of which she gives an account was organized in 1800 by the ladies of the Baptist Church in Boston. In response to an appeal from that devoted missionary, Mrs. Judson, many Christian ladies offered their jewels and ornaments for the cause they loved so well. The Society has sent out 35 female missionaries and contributed $240,000 to missions, and a branch in the West, organized in 1871, has sent out 17 missionaries and contributed $83,000.

There are now in the United States 19 of these women's missionary societies. Of these we can mention but a few. The most successful of these is the Women's Union Missionary Society, organized at New York in 1861, which has employed 93 ladies in India, China, Japan, and Greece, at an expense of $561,000. The Woman's Board of Missions, Congregational, organized in Boston in 1868, has sent 104 missionaries to India, China, Japan, Ceylon, Turkey, South Africa, Mexico, and Spain, at a cost of $551,000. The Woman's Board of the Interior, of the same Church, has had 47 lady missionaries and 42 native teachers in India and foreign fields, at a cost of $130,000, making a total of 193 female agents and $681,000. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, organized in the year 1869, has sent out 47 missionaries and raised $519,000. There are three Presbyterian women's missionary societies, which have raised $614,000 and sent 44 missionaries into the field.

The total amount contributed by these societies has been the grand aggregate of $2,841,690, very little of which, we may venture to say, would have reached the missionary treasury but for their efforts. It will be observed, also, that their most blessed work has been to awaken in the souls of hundreds of women an imperishable love for souls, which, rending the ties of kin and country, has sent them into foreign lands to bring their heathen sisters to the feet of Jesus. No department of missionary labour is more important than this. Most heathen nations zealously seclude their women, and they can only be reached by the loving ministrations of their fellow women. And not a few of these women have willingly laid down their lives in the performance of their hallowed work. "God has set the seal and sanctity and glory of martyrdom," writes Mrs. Daggett, "upon our work. Some of our bravest and best are not, for God has taken them." A touching incident in the formation of one of the branch societies is as follows: A lovely and accomplished daughter

lay dying. "If I should not get well," she said, "I would like papa to give as much money to the mission as it costs to take care of me." Her wish was sacredly fulfilled, and being dead she yet speaketh through a Bible woman in India to her less favoured sisters of that dark land.

"Let us imitate," says one of these zealous lady secretaries—and may many Canadian women by word and work say, Amen!—"let us imitate the pious Phœbe, who was a servant of the Church; Mary and Persis, who laboured much in the Lord; and those other godly women of the apostolic age whose memory still lives in the page of inspiration; let us have nothing unattempted that promises to promote the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom."

For practical suggestions as to the formation and conduct of these societies, write to the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, Toronto, after his return in September from his visit to the Indian missions of the North-west.

The Raikes Centenary.

No institution of the Christian Church—not even excepting its great missionary operations, which are chiefly the growth of the present century—presents a record of such marvellous development as the Sunday-school movement. The end of the first hundred years of its history furnishes an admirable opportunity of marking its progress and forecasting its future. It contains the "promise and the potency" of almost illimitable good for the Church and the world. In no sphere of Christian effort can consecrated toil reap such a rich and certain harvest as in sowing the seed of the kingdom of God in the congenial soil of youthful hearts. Let the Church train up the children of the rising generation for God, and the mastery of the world is hers.

There is one feature of the London Centennial celebration that we regret, and that is the division of interest and association, after the first meeting, between the Church of England and all the other Sunday-school workers of the world, who are given up to the uncovenanted mercies of dissent. As these Anglican schools are certainly not one-fourth—probably not one-tenth—of the Sunday-school workers of the world, this savours rather too much of arrogant assumption and offensive exclusiveness. If His Grace the Lord Bishop of Canterbury had thrown open the sacred precincts of Lambeth Palace, without distinction, to all schools—even though some of them were tainted with the virus of dissent—it would have done neither him nor his Church any harm. We trust that the Lord Bishops of the next Centennial—if there shall then be any Lord Bishops—will exhibit a more liberal spirit. On the general aspects of this centenary we have written at length in our specifically Sunday-school magazine.

The Oka Persecution.

We doubt if the annals of Canadian jurisprudence ever presented such a shameful record as the relentless persecution, by a powerful corporation and the officers of the crown, continued year after year, of the poor and, except for Protestant philanthropy, unfriended Oka Indians. Of a more monstrous perversion of justice we do not remember to have read. It is a matter for congratulation that the veracity and integrity of these Christian Indians, notwithstanding every effort of their enemies, remains uninvalidated. To their accomplished counsel, Mr. McLaren, who, without fee, has year after year conducted with such marked ability their defence, and to the Protestant friends who have stood by them throughout their bitter persecution, not only they but the whole Protestant community are laid under great obligation. This is a broad question of the civil rights of the subject around which every lover of liberty should rally. The fund for the necessary heavy expenses of this prolonged defence presents urgent claims for the contributions of every lover of British fair play and civil and religious freedom.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

The Methodist Conferences, England.

The Methodist New Connexion Conference met at Longton, Staffordshire. This was the eighty-fourth Conference. Rev. W. Cocker, D.D., who was a few years ago General Superintendent in Canada, was elected President. The report of the Missionary Society was on the whole encouraging, especially the Home Missions. The outlay, however, exceeded the income by about $10,000. Seven ministers had died during the year, among whom we find the name of Dr. Crofts, well known to many of our readers by his former residence in Canada.

A pleasing episode of the proceedings was the receiving Revs. J. H. James, D.D., and J. S. Jones, as a deputation from the Wesleyan Conference. The President and the Rev. S. Hulme replied to the deputation in cordial terms, and said that they looked forward to more full unity of the two bodies in spirit and action, if not in organization, in the future. The reception of the deputation was enthusiastic.

Dr. Cocker retains the position of President of the College, and Dr. Stacey that of Missionary Secretary.

Rev. S. Hulme, who has been a minister in the Conference for over fifty years, now retires from the active work, and Dr. Cooke, in the name of the Conference, presented him with a purse containing the sum of 450 guineas, expressive of the high admiration in which he is held by his brethren and the Connexion generally.

The Irish Wesleyan Conference was held in Dublin. Rev. B. Gregory, President, occupied the chair. He was too feeble to preach, but his charge to the ministers received into full connexion was delivered under a gracious influence. Much discussion ensued on a proposal to extend, in exceptional cases, the term of the pastorate, and to include as members persons not attending class.

It had been anticipated that some measures would be adopted to induce the Methodist New Connexion and the Primitive Methodist body in England to amalgamate their missions in Ireland with the Wesleyan Conference; but as the New Connexion Irish District Meeting had passed a resolution strongly opposed to such amalgamation, the Conference did not take any action on the question. It would be a saving of at least $5,000 a year if all the missions in Ireland were under the direction of one Conference.

The membership reported a decrease of 1,023; but there were 663 on trial, 396 were reported as having emigrated, and there were 454 deaths.

There was a lengthy conversation respecting the state of the work of God. The speakers generally urged that although there was a net decrease in the number of persons meeting in class, the societies and congregations never were in a more flourishing condition.

A breakfast meeting was held on behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund. $100,000 was the amount originally proposed for Ireland, and more than $35,000 was promised at this meeting.

The Primitive Methodist Conference

Met at Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and was attended by 200 ministerial and lay delegates, only one-third of whom belong to the former class. Rev. C. C. McKechnie, editor, was elected

President. Nine ministers had died during the year, some of whom had been men of great prominence in the denomination. A deputation from the Nonconformist ministers of the town visited the Conference and was most cordially received, and also a delegation from the Conference of the Methodist Free Church.

The report of the Missionary Committee announces a debt of more than $20,000. Twenty-three fresh places had services regularly established, sixteen new Sunday-schools had been formed, and thirteen new churches built. In thirty-seven years, forty self-sustaining circuits had been made from missions.

There are two theological institutions in connection with the Conference, one of which has only been recently established at Manchester; the other is at Sunderland, and has been in active operation twelve years. About 200 young men have passed its course. The religious services of the Conference were rich in spiritual interest.

Wesleyan Methodist.

City Road Chapel has been reopened for public worship. The Conference for this year will be held here while these notes are passing through the press.

The statistical returns of the various English districts report an accession of more than 40,000 members; still there is a net decrease of 930 members. The decrease is ascribed to commercial distress, which has operated severely, especially in Cornwall, where the falling off is greatest.

The Education Committee report that twelve young men are in training at the Westminster College as schoolmasters, and 107 young women at the Southlands College as schoolmistresses. At the Westminster practising schools 1,100, and at that at Southlands 411 scholars are on the books. The Wesleyan day-schools number 851, with 179,966 scholars and about 1,000 certificated teachers.

Efforts are now being made to increase the contributions to the Thanksgiving Fund to 300,000 guineas. This is the more necessary, inasmuch as that a great effectual door is open to the Missionary Committee, the fields are white unto harvest, and there is a large supply of men, but the exchequer is exhausted and the income is falling off. A policy of retrenchment has therefore been commenced, and the subsidies to all the districts this year are on a reduced scale.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The following excerpt from the address of Rev. John Macdougall, delivered at the Conference Missionary meeting, illustrates the growth of mission work in our Church. He said: Twenty years ago I went to Norway House with my father, when there were only three mission stations; now there at are least thirty. In the Saskatchewan District the field is immense. The peace of the country has been preserved by the labours of the missionaries. The Indians, by hundreds, have been rescued from their heathenism, and now they are to be seen in class-meetings and other services, docile and quiet, whereas a few years ago they were savage and barbarous. The Gospel has done for them what nothing else could do. The emigrants who had gone into the North-west were greatly indebted for their safety to the missionary, who stood between them and the natives. The influence of the missionaries has been of great value to the treaties which have been made between the Government and the Indians. He was of opinion that the Government's possession of the North-west was largely to be attributed to the influence of the missionaries. There are 25,000 Indians in the treaty districts, to all of whom the missionaries have access, in addition to the number of emigrants who are making homes for themselves in all parts of the land.

There are 35,152 Indians within the boundaries of British Columbia. The greater part of these are still under the most vicious and depraved paganism. The Minister of the Interior speaks very highly of the success attendant upon the labours of our

missionaries at Fort Simpson and Naas River. The labours of the missionaries' wives among the Indian women have been greatly owned of God. Brother Green writes under date April 10th, and gives a most interesting account of the conversion of a young man who has undergone much persecution, but who has been baptized and taken the name of Enoch Wood.

The poor Oka Indians are again being tried in the Civil Court relative to setting fire to the church at Oka. It is stated that the Dominion Government have made an offer to remove them to a reserve at Parry Sound, and that they are disposed to go, providing they receive a money compensation from the Montreal Seminary, and implements of agriculture from the Government.

Maritime Conferences.

The Nova Scotia Conference was held at Truro, and declared to be the very best since its present formation. The President was the oldest man in the ranks, and yet he was not forty years of age. No minister had died during the year, and none were received on trial.

Miss Ella J. Barnes, of New York city, has been appointed Preceptress of Mount Allison Collegiate Institute at Sackville. The lady is pronounced to be very suitable for the position, and the Board is congratulated on having secured her services.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference was held at St. John, New Brunswick.

The report of the Sabbath-schools was gratifying. There is an increase of nine schools, there are also 272 conversions, 98 scholars meeting in class, and 415 learning catechism. More money has been raised for school purposes than during any former year, and there is a slight increase in the collections for the General Sunday School Fund.

Three probationers were ordained. Rev. Dr. Stewart conducted the examination and delivered the ordination charge, which was greatly commended, and was requested for publication. The Conference had sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev Joseph Hart. The collections for the Educational Society were in advance of last year. Deputations on behalf of the Society were appointed for all the Districts.

The Financial Relief Committee reported that they had received $25,639, which they had distributed to the Centenary, Queen Square, Portland and Carmarthan Street Churches, St. John, and $1,516 to Ministers' Relief, leaving a small balance on hand. A strong resolution condemnatory of the use of tobacco was adopted.

Rev. D. D. Currie, late editor, has returned to the pastorate, and is stationed at the Centenary Church, St. John. Dr. Pickard has also vacated the office of Book Steward. The offices are filled by Rev. T. W. Smith and G. C. Huestis respectively. We tender those brethren our congratulations and our best wishes for the greatest success.

Rev. J. Lathern has published a biography of Judge Wilmot, which is much commended.

The Newfoundland Conference met at Carbonnear, June 23rd. The Rev. Thomas Harris was duly elected President, and the Rev. Charles Radnor was re-elected Secretary.

The Educational meeting was declared to be the very best ever held in the colony.

One minister, Rev. G. H. Bryant, had died during the year. Full details have not yet reached us. Further notices may be expected next month.

Evangelistic Movements.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, the young evangelist, closed his labours at Brooklyn Tabernacle in a full tide of blessings. His services wrought unparalleled success; and 70 souls connected themselves with the Tabernacle, while hundreds went to other churches. Thousands attended the services through the intense summer heat. Great quietness, and profound convictions for sin, characterised the meetings.

Prominent business men, influential citizens, and heads of families, were converted by fifties. There were real Pauline conversions. An incalculable amount of good has been done.

The "Salvation Army" now operating in New York have held the first "Council of War." About 1,000 persons have been converted. Ten corps have been organized, with eighteen officers and 350 speakers. This is the work of nine weeks.

Lord Radstock, a pious Irish peer, has been preaching Evangelical doctrine for a long time with, singular success, to the aristocracy only of St. Petersburg. Among the converts is General Pashkoff, who, in his turn, is now creating a sensation by his sermons. The General is one of the wealthiest landowners in Russia.

Dr. Somerville has begun evangelistic services at Rome, against the opposition of the municipality—which tried to prevent his getting a hall—but with success.

Dr. Samuel Manning writes :—"I say it not from vague report, I say it from personal investigation of the facts. I do not believe that in the world, since the days of the Reformation, there has been such a movement, such a revival, such an awakening, as seems now to be commencing in France."

Items.

Great Britain sends out 1,000 missionaries, and expends annually $3,000,000. The Continental churches employ 400 missionaries, at a cost of $600,000. America contributes 550 men and $1,500,000. In all there are now at work in heathen countries 2,000 Protestant missionaries, and the churches sustain the work by an annual contribution of about one million sterling, or $5,000,000.

The Missionary work in Japan embraces sixteen societies, besides three Bible societies. The eight open cities have resident missionaries, while, by means of medical agencies, the truth is carried into parts where there is not yet permission for direct preaching the Gospel.

The forty-second cocoa and coffee house has been opened in Liverpool, England. The proprietors have enlarged the sphere of this successful effort to counteract the influence of the gin palace and the beer saloon by providing accommodations in it for sober and cleanly lodgers.

A Scotch lady, who had inserted a bequest of $25,000 in her will, changed it from a Scotch College, and gave it to Mr. Spurgeon's College, on account of her dissatisfaction with the teaching of a professor.

China.—Formidable difficulties have always confronted missionaries in the "Celestial Empire." The habits of many European merchants caused some of the more respectable natives to designate them "foreign devils." Then the connection of England with the terrible opium traffic has necessarily exerted a baneful influence. But the gospel has been the power of God unto salvation even in China. The district of Fookien, one of the least of the eighteen provinces, has a population of fifteen millions. The northern part of which, the capital Foochow, is in the hands of the Church Missionary Society. To this city two missionaries were sent in 1850. Ten years passed away and there was only one missionary there, and he was unacquainted with the language. "There was not one convert and not one inquirer." The Home Committee desired the missionary to go to another field, but he answered, "Let it alone this year also, and I will dig about it and dung it, and if it bear fruit, well; but if not"—He could not finish the quotation. That year four converts were the first fruits of the mission, but to-day there are more than three thousand converts in one hundred and fifty towns and villages of the province of Fookien.

BOOK NOTICES.

Autobiography of a French Protestant. London: Religious Tract Society; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax; pp. 275. Price $1.

This very remarkable book is a translation of the *Memoires d'un Protestant condamne aux Galeres de France pour cause de Religion, ecrits par lui meme*, published in Rotterdam in 1757. It is the simple story, told by himself, of a French Protestant, who for thirteen years was a prisoner for conscience' sake in the French galleys. Nothing we have ever read has given such a vivid idea of the life of a galley slave, and of the sufferings of the persecuted Huguenots. Shortly after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Jean Martielhe, of Bergeroe, a young man of good family, tried to escape to Holland in order to enjoy liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. He was arrested at the frontier, and, after summary trial and painful imprisonment, was condemned to the galleys for life. The galleys were large open vessels impelled by huge oars worked by slaves, six or seven to one oar, who were chained, half-naked, to the benches on which they sat. For nearly two years John Knox was thus chained to the oar in the French galleys. Sometimes as many as three hundred slaves thus impelled the galley, which carried besides two hundred officers and soldiers.

Martielhe's galley one day engaged an English ship, which grappled it so firmly that it could not get away. Our prisoner, through the port-hole, saw the gunner apply the match to his piece, but, chained as he was, he could not move. Every man on the bench but himself was killed, and he was desperately wounded. The survivors were about to throw him into the sea, with the three-fourths of the crew who had been killed, but he showed signs of life. In the hospital he was chained to his bed. He speaks gratefully of the kindness of a Turkish slave, who, at the risk of his life, became the medium of conveying alms to the Reformed from their co-religionists, and even one priest had the magnanimity to do the same. When Dunkirk fell into the hands of Queen Anne, the English sailors demanded the release of the Protestants in the galleys. To avoid this, the captain smuggled them ashore at night, and they were marched from Dunkirk to Marseilles, to be beyond the reach of rescue. The cruelties they endured were atrocious. Four hundred were chained in a gang, each carrying one hundred and fifty pounds weight of iron fetters rivetted to an iron collar; at night they were so chained that they could neither sit nor stand. As many as eighteen died in a single day. Yet a word of recantation would have freed these heroic confessors of the faith.

The vigorous remonstrance of good Queen Anne procured the liberation of three hundred and thirty-six Protestant galley slaves in Marseilles alone, in spite of every obstacle and possible delay caused by the Jesuit priests, whose malignant ingenuity of cruelty kindles intense indignation. After thirteen years of bitter slavery, our hero was conveyed to Italy, and with his comrades, many of them aged and infirm, crossed the Alps into Piedmont and Switzerland. They were everywhere welcomed with joy by the Reformed, and were forwarded to Holland, whence Martielhe passed into England and kissed the Queen's hand in gratitude for his liberty. He died in 1877, aged 93. Twenty years before his death his "*Memoires*" were published, and the next year translated into English by Oliver Goldsmith. This book should be in every Sunday-school library. It will teach the young how dearly bought are the Protestant liberties of the world to-day. M. Michelet, the

French historian, says of it: "It is a book of the first order, distinguished by the charming naivete of the recital, by its angelic sweetness, written as if between earth and heaven."

The History of the English Bible. By the Rev. W. F. MOULTON, M.A., D.D. 2nd Ed., pp. 232, with *fac similes.* London: Cassell & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms. Price $1.

The history of no book is so full of marvellous romance and striking providences as that of the English Bible. It is a story with which every Bible reader should be familiar. The best book on the subject, hitherto accessible, has been Anderson's large and somewhat costly Annals of the English Bible. Dr. Moulton's book brings the best elements of Anderson, with much later matter, within the reach of all. The account of the life and labours of Wykliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, Rogers, and other English translators, is here given with clearness and critical skill.

Especially on the eve of the publishing of the new revision is a history of the former versions important. Dr. Moulton is a Wesleyan minister of ripe scholarship, Master of the Leys School, Cambridge, and a member of the Bible Revision Committee. The *fac similes* of the early printed texts and title pages add much to the interest of his volume.

The English Circumnavigators. By D. L. PURVIS and R. COCHRANE. Cr. 8vo., pp. 831. London: Wm. P. Nimmo; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price $1 50.

The heroic story of the great English navigators will never lose its charm. In this volume are given reprints of the contemporary accounts from 1628 to 1780 of the gallant exploits of Drake, Dampier, Anson, and Cook. They are written in the quaint, yet vigorous English of the time. For instance, "The world encompassed by Sir Francis Drake is carefully collected out of the notes of Master Francis Fletcher, preacher in this employment, and divers others, his followers in the same. Offered now at last to publique view, both for the honour of the actor, but especially for the stirring up of heroick spirits, to benefit their countrie and eternize their names by like noble attempts."

They have all the freshness of first-hand narrations, and even their errors are instructive.

The book is well edited, obsolete words are explained and gaps filled up. This is a capital book for boys —ten times better than the trashy stories so many waste their time upon. They will learn at once history and geography, and catch the grand godly English spirit of the gallant Drake and his companions. Four good maps of the four routes are given.

Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, etc. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. 12 mo., pp. 232, with portrait. New York: G. Putnam & Sons, and Methodist Book Rooms. Price $1.

This volume is one of the "New Plutarch" series of biographies of the great heroes of history. The tragic story of French Protestantism will never lose its interest for mankind. One of the grandest actors in that tragedy was the brave old Admiral of France. Indeed, says our author, "There is no grander figure in the sixteenth century, not one even among our Elizabethan heroes so true and loyal, so religious and so steadfast. When his hoary head was carried on a pike through Paris, all that was best in France fell with him. The Reformation was extinguished in the bloody Bartholomew, never again to flourish as before. The stirring story of this heroic life is told in this volume with graphic fidelity, and will be read with vivid interest.

The Acme Library of Standard Biography. The American Book Exchange, New York; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price 60 cts.

This is another of the wonderfully cheap reprints of the American Book Exchange. It gives biographies of Frederick the Great, Burns,

Mahomet, Luther, Mary Stuart, Joan of Arc, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, Pitt, Columbus, and Vittoria Colonna, by such authors as Macaulay, Carlyle, Gibbon, Bunsen, Michelet, Lamartine, Arnold, and other masters of their craft. No feature of the age is more striking than that the *chef d'œuvres* of literature, but lately accessible only to the monied few, are now within the reach of the poorest in the land.

History of English Literature. By H. A. TAINE, D. C. L. Translated by H. Van Laun. Complete in one volume. Cr. 8vo, pp. 722. American Book Exchange, New York; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price 90 cents.

It is a curious thing that one of the very best critical surveys of English literature should be by a French author. Yet such has been the verdict of the reading world since this grand work first appeared. It will, no doubt, by its sharp criticisms, sometimes shock our English prejudices; but its clear incisiveness, its pungent wit, its keen analysis, will give new views of many of our great authors. M. Taine has a grand theme, and treats it grandly. The only editions hitherto accessible have been very high-priced. It is now brought within the reach of every one in this cheap reprint, which contains all the notes and extracts of the original edition.

The Foundations: A Series of Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity. By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, D.D.; pp. 204. Chicago: Jansen, McClung & Co. Price $1 00.

The battle of the Evidences of Christianity is one that must be fought over again and again with each succeeding age. New forms of attack demand new modes of defence. Yet, in this busy age, busy people have not time to read ponderous tomes such as the old apologists used to write. Dr. Gibson has done good service to the cause of Christian apologetics by this compendious treatise, in which he grapples with the objections, old and new, which have been urged against revealed religion, and, so far as his space would permit, has vindicated the divine authority and reasonable character of Christianity. In this treatise he has added to the well-earned reputation which he has already won by his admirable lectures on "The Ages before Moses," reviewed in a late number of this Magazine.

The Library Key: An Index of General Reading. Arranged by Rev. F. A. ARCHIBALD, A.M. pp. 250. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price $1.

Almost every one has felt the loss of not being able to refer to some passage in his reading which at the time made an impression but which he cannot recall. To supply this lack is the purpose of Mr. Archibald's Library Key. The book is ruled for 1,200 distinct references, to which are prefixed blank pages for an index. The use of the Key will enable one to classify his knowledge and to unlock the treasures of his library better than any other system that we know. It is exceedingly simple, eminently practical, and cannot fail to be very useful.

A Concordance to the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By WILLIAM CODVILLE. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price $1 50.

The fine Hymnal of our American Methodist friends will be made doubly useful by this admirable Concordance. The effect of a religious service is greatly enhanced by the appropriateness of the hymns employed. Often one can remember a word of a hymn which he cannot find in the index. This Concordance will at once enable him to find any hymn suitable to any text or any occasion.

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. W. BRIGGS; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

THE RETURN HOME.

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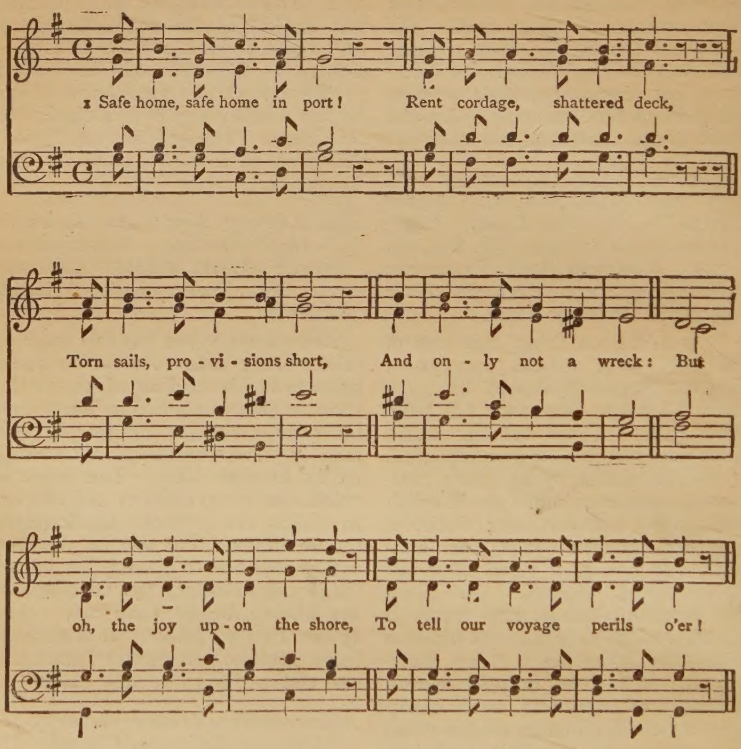
1 Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, pro - vi - sions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But
oh, the joy up - on the shore, To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell:
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had the foe prevail'd.

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears,—
What matter now; (when, so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

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Sincerely yours
Manly Benson

R. RAW & CO. LITH. HAMILTON, ONT.